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## THE OLD MILL AT NEWPORT.

POSSIBLY some of you are not familiar with the Old Mill or Tower at Newport, which was said to have been constructed a thousand years ago by the Norsemen who long inhabited this locality, and now stands in Touro Park, at that fashionable watering place, Newport, Rhode Island. This ancient structure is an old round tower of rough stone, supported by eight large round stone columns surmounted by circular arches of Roman or ante-Gothic architecture, the style of the ancient stone structures of the north—in England called Saxon or Norman architecture. Similar structures were left by the Norsemen in the Orkneys and Shetlands. There are no ornaments remaining to indicate the date of its erection. From one of its most striking characteristics it is called the round-arch style and must have been built before the twelfth century, as after that time the Gothic or pointed arch prevailed. The date or purpose of its erection is one of the antiquarian puzzles of the age.

Redpath in his History of the United States pictures it in all of its peculiar and picturesque beauty. It is also given in the illustrated edition of Longfellow's poems. What mystery surrounds the lofty old tower which has proven the inspiration of poets to weave their romances! To me it suggests the first monument to freedom—round like the world; with entrances in every direction, where all nations of the earth may be sheltered and live in harmony, commingling their efforts and their gifts, enjoying social intercourse, liberty of conscience, and the free exchange of ideas; where they will cherish the spark of eternal fire which they have in their own hearts, without trying to smother that which burns as brightly in the bosom of their neighbor of another belief, and not declare their tiny rill from

the fountain of the Father's love the only pure one and all others from the same source waters of perdition.

Some contend that the old tower was a windmill of modern origin, but the Indians told the early New England settlers it was built by the giants—and the Norse discoverers certainly looked like giants to the Indians: Norway, being a cold, mountainous country, had its influence upon the physical development of the people, its elevation and pure air affecting the body, mind, and features, producing tall, handsome men with flowing locks of long, silky, straight auburn hair confined at the forehead by bands. The old men prided themselves on long beards. The nose was prominent and inclined to the Roman; the eyes remarkably expressive. They were keen, active, persevering, and intelligent, considered bodily strength of primary importance, indulging in athletic and military exercises, and were fine horsemen, dividing their time between agriculture and piracy, worshippers of Thor and Odin—

I am the God Thor;  
I am the War God;  
I am the Thunderer.  
Here in my Northland,  
My fastness and my fortress,  
Reign I forever!  
Here, amid icebergs,  
Rule I the nations!

Amid the rugged scenery of Norway we should not expect to find the refinements of artistic Greece and luxurious Rome. The Norsemen, brought into daily contact with most frightful physical strife, totally unlike the sunny softness of southern Europe, could not be content with the effeminate gods of Olympus, but deified what to them was most necessary. Strength, courage, and endurance, instead of beauty and sensuality, were the qualities that gained access to the Walhalla of the followers of Thor and Odin. Mental culture was by no means neglected. Knowledge of the runes, skill in the art of poetry, acquaintance with the laws and religious and historical myths, proficiency in foreign languages and natural science, and the cultivation of eloquence were deemed of great importance.

The Norsemen paid great respect to woman; hence social intercourse was quite free; and history shows that in proportion

as woman has been the equal and coworker with man has been the refinement and purity of social relations. The characteristics of these Norsemen were their warlike spirit, love of freedom and distant adventures, fondness for poetry, pomp, and traditionary lore, and a system of theism mingled in course of time with gross superstition. Their besetting sin was intemperance; but for generous hospitality they were preëminent. To their spirit of adventure is due the discovery of Greenland and America centuries before Columbus. The hardy Norsemen who left Norway to enjoy civil liberty were of necessity bold mariners and, we must confess, freebooters and pirates. These sea kings were bold and fearless, wearing hoods surmounted with eagles' wings and walruses' tusks, mailed armor, and for robes the skins of polar bears. Their disposition is well portrayed in one of their old ballads :

He scorns to rest 'neath the smoky rafter,  
He plows with his boat the roaring deep ;  
The billows boil and the storm howls after,  
But the tempest is only a thing of laughter—  
The sea king loves it better than sleep !

In the year 861 one Waddodr was driven from his course by a tempest on his return to Norway from the Faroes, and came upon the east coast of Iceland; not liking the looks of the shore, he sailed away in a thick snowstorm, calling the country Sneland.

In 865 Floki, another Norwegian pirate, set out to explore this island. The compass was then unknown, so some distance after touching the Shetlands and Faroes he obtained three ravens; he allowed one to go free and it directed its course to the Faroes, the nearest land. Sailing on, he set another at liberty; but the bird, after rising to a great height and seeing no land, returned to the vessel. A few days later he freed the third bird, which flew to the north, and Floki followed it, touching at the east coast of Iceland, calling it Iceland from the great quantity of drift-ice on the northern bays. He spent two winters here, returning in the spring to Norway. The course taken by the mariners was a very indirect one, the distance from Norway to Iceland being over six hundred miles; and when we consider the ships of that period (we are all familiar with the viking displayed at the World's Fair and later here on our own river, made of Norway pine and decorated with dragons) and the

rough seas of these northern latitudes, we must admire the courage, perseverance, and endurance of these hardy voyagers.

In 870 Ingolf explored Iceland, spent a winter there, and was so well pleased that in 874 he returned with his family and friends, carrying with him the sacred pillars of his house, which he threw into the sea, determining to fix his habitation where they were cast ashore. He lost sight of them by a sudden storm. He was obliged to land on the southeast coast, where he remained for three years. Hearing then that the pillars of his house had been cast upon the southwest beach, he removed thither, where he founded Reikiavik, the present capital.

Günbnbjorn, driven west by a storm, about 880 first sighted Greenland.

In 982 Erik the Red sailed there, explored the coast for three years, taking possession of the most desirable places, and calling it Greenland. On his return he gave such a glowing description that quite a colony settled there in 986, and the Christian religion was introduced. The discovery of Greenland was the result of the settlement of Iceland, just as the discovery of America was afterwards the natural consequence of the settlement of Greenland.

In 986 Herjulfson, a Norse navigator, sailed from Iceland to Greenland, was caught in a storm, and driven westward to Newfoundland or Labrador. He saw the country was different from any he had seen, and wished to land, but the crew objected and he sailed on. After reaching home he gave the most wonderful description of the land he had seen, and Lief, son of Erik, decided to explore and find the truth of these reports. To the southwest of Greenland he discovered land. Directing his course southward, he came to a wooded country, supposed to be Newfoundland; still south he reached an island, separated from the mainland by a strait. Sailing through this, he found a beautiful inland sea; the climate was mild; on these shores he spent the winter. The sea swarmed with fine salmon and the grass remained green all winter.

What should we do but sing his praise  
That led us through the watery maze  
Unto an isle so long unknown  
And yet far kinder than our own—  
To land us on a gr<sup>ate</sup> age,  
Safe from the storm and tyrant's rage?



This inland sea was a bay between Rhode Island and Cape Cod. From the discovery of wild grapes there, he called the country Vineland. This was in the year 1000. Thus Lief Erikson was the first European known to have stood upon the continent of America, the land of the free, with her snow-clad peaks and thundering cataracts, in her grand simplicity of natural construction for facilitating every species of mental and material progress, bidding away the traveler's monotony and beckoning his thoughts transcendently above the inglorious herd to the mazes and labyrinths of worlds whose splendor and stupendous grandeur fill the sky. The knowledge and occupancy of this grand theater, this scene most worthy of man's activity, were of no practical use to the world. Honor is not due to the man who discovers a thing and lets it lie idle in his brain, but to him who first renders it of use to the world. The laurels should not be taken from the brow of Columbus and placed upon the head of Icelandier Lief, the son of Erik; both should be crowned.

Longfellow said:

The following ballad (*The Skeleton in Armour*) was suggested to me while riding on the seashore at Newport. A year or two previous a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River clad in broken and corroded armor, and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the old windmill, now claimed by the Danes as the work of their early ancestors:

Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!  
 Who, with thy hollow breast  
 Still in rude armor drest,  
     Comest to daunt me!  
 Wrapt not in eastern balms,  
 But with thy fleshless palms  
 Stretched as if asking alms,  
     Why dost thou haunt me?

Then from those cavernous eyes  
 Pale flashes seemed to rise,  
 As when the northern skies  
     Gleam in December;  
 And like the water's flow  
 Under December's snow  
 Came a dull voice of woe  
     From the heart's chamber.

LIDA HEWETH.

## THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

THE Battle of Bunker Hill is one of the most determined and severe on record, and indomitable courage was displayed on both sides. Although it was a drawn game or battle and there was absolutely no victory on either side, yet it was a victory for the patriots in the midst of apparent defeat; for while they were checkmated, it showed of what sterling stuff they were made, and that they had inherited the doughty spirit and stubborn will of their Anglo-Saxon ancestors, and the result led to their success later and nerved them to further efforts in the cause of freedom.

For years a feeling of discontent had been growing in the colonies, especially in Massachusetts, where, from the establishment of the Plymouth Colony, the people had displayed their independence and proud, noble spirit, which was loath to bend to British rule. Several times the colony was on the verge of an outbreak, and the King would have curbed their haughty spirit had not internal troubles in England prevented him from carrying out his purpose.

During King Philip's War the English ministers conspired to wrest all authority from the colonists and to destroy popular government in America. Sir Edmund Andros was sent out to wrest their charters from them. The people of New England were aroused and grew restive under his tyrannical rule. An outbreak was imminent in 1687, during the reign of James II. When the news arrived that James was an exile and William and Mary had ascended the throne, a loud pealing of bells proclaimed their joy, while the populace shouted, "Death to tyrants!"

Andros was imprisoned and sent home for trial. A new charter was granted to the people of Massachusetts, and Plymouth, Maine, and Nova Scotia were added to that colony. By the new charter the Governor was appointed by the Crown, and a property qualification was necessary to procure the privilege of the elective franchise in choosing the members of the General Court.

The harbors of the colonies were closed against all but English vessels, and such articles of American produce as were in demand in England were not allowed to be shipped to foreign markets. While the colonists were deprived of free trade, their privileges were wrested from them, and the list of indignities heaped upon them grew greater and were no longer to be endured. No colony except Massachusetts ventured to complain. She alone demanded redress for her wrongs, asserting her chartered rights and refusing to acknowledge the power of the British commissioners, who were finally recalled in 1664.

As early as 1729 the restiveness of Massachusetts under British rule aroused the suspicions of the British government that she intended to throw off the yoke, and in 1739 Sir Robert Walpole wisely concluded not to tax the American colonists, for he was quite liberal in his views. Lossing says :

Had Walpole yielded to the demands of the British government to tax the Americans, the Republic of the United States might have existed a century earlier.

However, his successors began to tighten the screws, and America was more and more enslaved. During the Seven Years War the colonies had contributed twenty million dollars and the flower of their youth to colonial wars, and their success in driving out the French from Canada had taught them to appreciate their own strength, and instilled ideas of independence in their minds.

Notwithstanding all they had done for England, the ministers of George III levied exorbitant taxes on the colonists which they were illy prepared to bear. "The sun of Liberty is set," Franklin wrote from London, "but Americans must light the lamps of industry and economy."

Massachusetts and Virginia, the head and heart of the Revolution, were loud in their outcries against the Stamp Act. The repeal act was passed later; but other obnoxious taxes were levied in lieu of the former, and the colonists' discontent grew all the greater. A band of fifty young ladies in Boston organized into a society called the "Daughters of Liberty," and during their meetings amused themselves by spinning and singing patriotic songs.

In 1770 the women of Boston gave proofs of their self-denial and patriotism by pledging themselves not to drink tea until the Revenue Act was repealed, thus foregoing the enjoyment of the

Cup which cheers,  
But not inebriates.

We now come to the battle of Bunker Hill, and have taken our data from "Lossing's Field Book of the Revolution."

The Committee of Safety having been informed that General Gage had fixed the 18th of June, 1775, to fortify Bunker Hill and Dorchester Heights, resolved to steal a march upon their enemies, and Colonel Prescott, with one thousand men and two field pieces, was ordered to march at night and erect a redoubt on Bunker Hill, which commanded a great part of Boston as well as the northern road.

Imagine the scene, as the patriots, furnished with packs and blankets, started on their march after devoutly listening to a prayer from President Langdon of Harvard College, who invoked divine intercession for their sacred cause.

Colonel Prescott and Gridley (his engineer), preceded by two servants carrying dark lanterns, left Cambridge at nine o'clock for Charlestown. The weather was balmy and the heavens were studded with stars. Absolute silence was enjoined, nor did the men know the object of their expedition. All that was heard was the measured tread of the patriots as they stole along in the darkness of night.

Reaching Breed's Hill at midnight, it being nearer to Boston than Bunker Hill, their leader concluded to throw up fortifications there, reserving Bunker Hill to cover their retreat, if necessary. At midnight they began their dangerous work—dangerous because within earshot of British sentinels and men-of-war. At intervals the cheering cry, "All's well," came from the sentinels at the foot of Copp's Hill to encourage the patriots in their task. By daybreak they had already erected an intrenchment six feet high, to the amazement of the British when they discovered it, for the work they had accomplished in one night was sufficient to have employed them several days.

The fortifications were first discovered by the watch on board the British ship "Lively," and, without waiting for orders from

headquarters, the captain fired on the patriots. The booming of cannon startled the inhabitants of Boston from their slumbers and they crowded to the housetops to ascertain the cause.

General Gage called a council of war, deeply regretting not having taken possession of Bunker Hill before it was too late. The troops were ordered out and the whole city was in commotion; the alarm bell was rung, drums were beaten, and the blast of the trumpet rang out on the air, while dragoons galloped furiously through the streets to their posts and artillery wagons rattled along.

About midday three thousand British troops, under command of Generals Howe and Pigot, landed at Morton's Point, beyond the eastern foot of Breed's Hill, shielded by the guns of the "Falcon" and other men-of-war.

Lossing relates an anecdote which seems to bring Colonel Prescott nearer and make us appreciate his brave spirit still more :

A soldier who had ventured too near the outside of the redoubt was killed by a cannon ball. Prescott, to inspire his men with confidence, promenaded round the works upon the parapet in full view of the British officers in Boston. General Gage saw him and inquired of Counselor Willard who he was. The latter recognized his brother-in-law and replied, "That's Colonel Prescott."

"Will he fight?" inquired Gage.

"As long as he has a drop of blood in his veins," retorted Willard.

"The works must be carried at once!" Gage exclaimed.

But that was easier said than done. At twelve o'clock the New England flag was hoisted, reinforcements were sent from headquarters, and the patriots prepared to fight. For the greater number, who were raw recruits, this was their baptism of blood.

At two o'clock p. m. General Howe received reinforcements, his forces numbering four thousand men—veterans, all well seasoned in war.

Meantime the Americans, exhausted with fatigue in consequence of their midnight work, were consumed with thirst and suffering the pangs of hunger, while their anxiety increased at the warlike preparations of their foes. Generals Warren and Putnam hastened to join the patriots and offer their services as volunteers.

It was now three o'clock on that momentous afternoon, and the patriots stood on the defensive, with Colonel Prescott and General Warren heading the patriots within the redoubt, while Gridley and Callender's artillery were between the breastworks. The Connecticut and New Hampshire forces were at the rail fence on the west of the redoubt and three companies were stationed in Main street, at the foot of Breed's Hill.

General Howe ordered his artillery to open fire upon the American lines, a blue flag was unfurled as a signal, and the British ships poured a volley of shot upon the redoubt. A furious cannonade was opened at the same time upon the right wing of the provincial army at Roxbury to cut off reinforcements from General Thomas. Gridley and Callender returned a feeble response to the heavy guns from the British.

Under cover of artillery, the British moved up to Breed's Hill in two divisions under Generals Howe and Pigot. The patriots had but a scanty supply of ammunition, and Prescott commanded them to husband their resources and not to fire until they saw the whites of their enemies' eyes.

Aim at their waistbands [he said], and be sure to pick off the commanders, known by their handsome coats.

Meanwhile as the British approached they kept up a brisk fire, to which the patriots would fain have responded, and a few did so, until Putnam rode up and threatened to cut down the first man who should again disobey orders. Finally Prescott's voice rang out in a stentorian tone: "Fire!"

Whole platoons of British were cut down by the volley of shot that burst from the redoubt. The British turned and fled to the water's edge. The patriots wished to pursue them, but were kept in check by their officers, who foresaw another attack. Howe rallied his troops, and reinforced by four hundred marines from Boston advanced up the hill at double quick over the dead bodies of their comrades.

Hot shot was poured into Charlestown and the village was set on fire by the British, who thus hoped to rush up the breastworks under cover of the veil of smoke which arose from the burning buildings and drive the Americans out at the point of the bayonet; but Providence seemed to favor the patriot cause

by sending a gentle breeze which dispelled the smoke and revealed to them the advancing columns. Again the British attempted to scale the redoubt, but were driven back and recoiled under the deadly volley of shot which met them, and again they retreated in hot haste to the shore.

General Clinton now hastened to join them with new reinforcements. Several of the British officers deemed a third attack hopeless, but the careless exclamation of a provincial had betrayed to the British the fact that their ammunition was exhausted. Encouraged by this news, Howe rallied his men and urged them on to the attack.

Meanwhile the patriots thought that the English soldiers had abandoned the field, and they seized a few moments for rest and refreshment, as they were completely exhausted after a night of hard toil and a day of severe fighting. Their supply of powder was almost gone, and they collected all the loose stones at hand to serve as missiles, while each one determined to fight in defense of his freedom while a breath of life was left.

While the battle was raging on Breed's Hill, confusion reigned in that vicinity. Paterson and Gardner's regiments were dispatched to the scene of action, but the raw recruits were terrified at the frightful scene of bloodshed. Colonel Gardner led three hundred men to Bunker Hill, where Putnam set them to work building entrenchments, and soon after ordered them into the field. Gardner was shot down by an enemy's ball, and his men thrown into confusion. Other regiments failed to reach the lines. Putnam endeavored to form the provincials into line on Bunker Hill and get fresh troops across the Neck. The British artillery swept the patriot lines and drove them into the redoubt, though each patriot's shot was true to its aim, and Colonel Abercrombie and Majors Williams and Love were killed, while Howe was wounded; but he kept on leading his men up to the silent ramparts, for the patriots' last grain of powder was now exhausted.

As the English scaled the ridge of earth a hail of missiles fell on their heads. Major Pitcairn was mortally wounded by a negro soldier. Hand to hand the contending forces fought, and the gunstocks of the patriots were shattered to pieces by the heavy blows they dealt. The enemy poured into the redoubt



in such overwhelming numbers that Prescott saw that further resistance was useless, and he ordered a retreat, during which the patriots fairly hewed their way through the British ranks, causing deadly havoc with their musket stocks.

Gridley was wounded and Prescott and Warren were the last to leave, and as the latter was on his way to Bunker Hill a shot from the enemy laid him low, killing him instantly. Major Jackson had rallied Gardner's men on Bunker Hill, and, pressing forward, poured a deadly volley into the British, while he covered the patriot retreat from the redoubt.

The Americans at the rail fence, under Stark, Reed, and Knowlton, held their ground, resisting the enemy's efforts to dislodge them, while they saved the main body from destruction. Finally they too joined the retreating forces. Putnam vainly tried to rally the scattered corps, swearing like a trooper, for which offense he humbly made atonement after the war in the presence of the congregation of which he was a member.

The whole body retreated across the Neck, swept by volleys of shot from the British men-of-war, and finally halted on Prospect Hill. The British did not follow. All that night the contending forces remained a mile apart.

The loss of the Americans was one hundred and fifteen killed and missing, three hundred and five wounded, and thirty-two taken prisoners, while the British loss was nearly eleven hundred in killed and wounded. The result was a drawn battle and led to ultimate success, for it nerved the brave patriots to further efforts in the cause of freedom. From that time they not only fought for their rights, but for independence as well. And the Battle of Bunker Hill is a glorious date in the history of our country.

Although the sun of liberty was under a cloud during the bitter struggle which lasted seven or eight years, on the proclamation of peace it shown forth in all its radiancy, and ever since has shed its vivifying rays "on the land of the free and the home of the brave."

MARY ELIZABETH SPRINGER.

## AN ANCESTOR FROM A HISTORICAL POINT OF VIEW.

ONE'S soul is filled with wonder more and more that the American army ever could have been thought of as an army, or ever could have performed the feats they did in the teeth of the innumerable adverse elements that were brought to bear upon them.

In December, 1776, at the beginning of the New York campaign, Washington, by the aid of the ever-faithful Robert Morris, had been able to increase the pay of his officers and to offer bounties to the soldiers, and by using his own personal influence more than half of the old soldiers remained at least for a few weeks longer. The militia of Pennsylvania turned out with more alacrity than heretofore, and Washington's army numbered five or six thousand men. On December 24 there was a body of fifteen hundred Hessians and a troop of British light horse at Trenton. Washington determined to surprise them. He calculated that their German habits would set them to celebrating Christmas, and that they would be more or less drunk. He arranged to cross the Delaware with two thousand men and twenty pieces of artillery on Christmas night. It was snowing and raining, making a combination of sleet that peppered their faces as they set out in their scows and boats at midnight. We have seen pictures of Washington crossing the Delaware, with the Commander-in-chief standing at the bow of the foremost boat with his arms crossed and his military cloak draping him poetically. No doubt his anxiety made him stand up as he neared the opposite bank, and he sent, no doubt, a stern, inquiring look forward into the darkness and wind, but he was not thinking of poetry or romance. Probably after he landed, if he sat down for a moment, his seat was a stump of a tree, or possibly a gun-carriage waiting to be dragged off; and if his cloak blew away from his shoulder he dragged it patiently back in the biting wind and sleet and waited—waited while the boats made their way through the storm and darkness to land. He had calculated correctly upon the Hessian tendency to celebrate Christmas. Even their commanding officer, Colonel Rahl,

when a note was handed him at his late supper, warning him that the Americans were moving, thrust the note into his pocket and went on with his evening meal. Later, when he was still at the table, although it was near morning, he heard the rattle of musketry, the rumble of heavy guns, and he roused himself to find his men absent on pillaging parties and in no condition to fall into line and meet an enemy. The surprise was as complete as Washington could wish. The Hessian colonel was wounded so that he died a day or two after. The American forces took a thousand prisoners, a thousand stand of arms, and six brass field pieces, while they lost only two privates killed and two who died from the cold. But, what was best of all, this bold stroke and its success raised the drooping spirits of the patriots; many soldiers whose time was about to expire reenlisted, and the British, who had been insolent in their feelings of security at Trenton, and who thought and spoke of the patriot army with contempt, were astonished into feelings of respect. Lord Cornwallis, who was on his way to England, was ordered back to New Jersey, and the prestige of the Hessian name was broken.

The regiments that surrendered at Trenton were those of Anspach, Knyphausen, and Rahl. The flag of the Anspach regiment, Lossing says, was given to George Washington Parke Custis and by him presented, with other relics, to the Museum at Alexandria, Virginia. Incidentally, it is also of interest to know that Lieutenant James Monroe was in this attack and was slightly wounded. Washington recrossed the Delaware with his prisoners and spoils and reached his encampment on the other side, arriving before the midnight of his day of victory. But he determined to again occupy the town, and he was back on the 30th, intending to make Trenton a center from which to harass the enemy. One-half of his force—that is, two thousand five hundred—were raw, undisciplined militia, and Washington encamped on the south side of the Assanpink, a small stream flowing into the Delaware, taking the position in order to put the river between him and Cornwallis, who had gathered himself at Princeton and only waited a fitting moment to fall upon him and redress the loss of that Christmas night. The Delaware River had been no barrier to the patriot forces, and we

may wonder that Washington thought of the little Assanpink as a possible source of defense ; but he was not caught napping. He had cannon and men on the alert and drove back Cornwallis and his regulars when they attempted to cross the stream by the bridge, and also when they attempted to cross by the ford. But Washington was now in a critical situation—he would have a general engagement in another day with Cornwallis and six thousand British regular troops; to meet them he had as many men perhaps, but they were militia; good for a fight behind a breastwork, if it was only some earth thrown up with a spoon; good at the skirmishing Indian fighting, where each man looked out for himself; but to stand in line of battle and meet fire for fire out in the open requires men who have been disciplined and who obey orders as by working or from long habit. Twenty-five hundred of Washington's men had never been under fire.

Washington called a council of war January 2, 1777. They discussed the possibilities before them. The Delaware River was a worse subject for an army to meet than even on the night of December 25. Now its waters were crowded with broken ice, and navigation of heavily laden boats across it was simply impossible. To retreat and get to Philadelphia or to stay and meet Cornwallis was what they had to decide. Then Washington proposed a stealthy retreat from the position on the Assanpink, a circuitous route to Princeton, where they could fall upon his headquarters and his stores at New Brunswick. This plan was approved. Our fickle climate was obliging enough to drop from a thaw, which was making the roads too soft for the transportation of the cannon, into a cold that in two hours froze them till they were like a pavement. The moment was speedily taken ; the orders were whispered, and leaving a guard to keep the camp fires lighted all night to deceive the watching enemy, the American forces took their quiet way out of camp toward Princeton.

It is here that I first encounter my ancestor General Andrew Ward. He was deputed to take charge of this rear guard, to keep up the fires and the appearance of an army. Portions of three Connecticut regiments were at Trenton and Princeton, and they were left to watch and wait. He had been a fighting soldier in the French and Indian wars of 1754. He had been at Halifax and Louisburg, and his descendants still preserve the silver

spoons which he had made for his two daughters, on the back of which are cut in old English letters the word *Louisburg*, as relics of his services there and of his temperance sentiments in the days when all men drank wine with freedom. The spoons were bought with money that otherwise would have been served to him in rations of rum, the fashion of those days. Captain Ward was also sent to the upper waters of the Connecticut, at Post No. 4, near Charleston, Vermont, and when the peace was finally settled, with a few of his men, in a canoe hewn from a great tree trunk, he floated down the river to Long Island Sound, and then skirted the shore to the mouth of the little river that threaded through the meadows five miles until he arrived safe and sound within a few rods of his own door. Then he became a farmer for a few years, until the stormy time of Lexington and Bunker Hill awoke the soldierly instincts in him again, and he joined the Continental Army as colonel of the Seventh Connecticut.

General Washington gave Colonel Ward a general order to remain and keep up the fires, but no directions about withdrawing; but he was good soldier enough to be trusted, as he showed when he cleverly eluded a sharp attack at daybreak by the angry enemy, when they found how they had been deceived, and that they could not "bag the fox," General Washington, as they intended. General Washington commended him highly for his well-managed retreat, as he did not lose a man. But after the brilliant successes of the New Jersey campaign came more melancholy days for the patriot army, culminating in the retreat from Philadelphia, with the British possession of that city, and the withdrawal to Valley Forge and the winter that followed. Their troubles began even on the road there, and General Ward's food for the march was some Indian meal carried in one pocket. He stopped at a brook, wet up the meal into a little cake, and ate it.

In the encampment it was necessary to throw up a line of earthworks. They were too near Philadelphia to feel secure without this added strength. The Connecticut men had a previous experience the year before, when they had thrown up a line of earthworks to defend New York, and also on the heights of Brooklyn. A regiment from South Carolina was quartered next to them and refused to do its duty in the matter of earth-

works. The colonel, seeing how well the Connecticut men had done their work, ordered them to continue the line in front of his own regiment. This the Connecticut men smilingly declined to do, and the colonel went off in a rage. When he had gone Colonel Ward pointed out to his men the danger of a break in the line, and that they need not do it for the order by another officer than their own, but he should order them to do it and expect them to obey—which they cheerfully did. I allude to this to show the superhuman difficulties that men labored under with undisciplined soldiers under their command, who had not learned to obey, and to say again that half of Washington's army was made up of this unseasoned timber.

We have all heard of the dreadful days of Valley Forge—the men with blood-stained feet wrapped in rags to protect them from the cold, the snow that fell on the little cabins half banked with earth to keep out the bitter weather, the lack of food, and the envious thought of the British enjoying the pleasures of life in the city of Philadelphia, not many miles from them.

Spring came at last, and the men of Colonel Ward's brigade who had survived those days found themselves without pay, in rags, with their families starving at home. The time for which they had enlisted had expired. It was impossible to keep his men together, and he saw many of them depart. How keenly General Washington felt the loss of even a few of his men is shown in the letter he wrote Colonel Ward, sharp in its tone, asking why seventeen of his men were upon furlough, and rebuking him for thinking of a furlough with a regiment whose time was so nearly expired. We have this letter still in existence among our family papers, and as I read it over I feel through the lines the sharpness of the tone and the state of feeling which made General Washington write so angrily about men who had gone through a winter like that of Valley Forge. Its tone was deeply felt by Colonel Ward, and he would have resigned from his command, but he was, June 5, 1777, made brigadier general of the Second Brigade of his State, when he served on the Hudson during the Burgoyne campaign. We have his three commissions as lieutenant-colonel, colonel, and brigadier general, and it is interesting to see how the first two are signed by Jonathan Trumbull, dutifully as a representative

of His Gracious Majesty George the Third, in the fifteenth year of his reign ; but the last one, when we were in the full tide of our war of rebellion against His Gracious Majesty, says : " This commission is under my hand and the seal of the State of Connecticut, at Hartford, June 5, 1777. Jonathan Trumbull." Thus had the doughty Governor grown careless of His Majesty's feelings in two short years.

General Ward resigned after his Burgoyne campaign, and afterward he is chronicled as serving in "alarms" during the rest of the war.

A guard was kept day and night by the towns bordering the shores of Long Island Sound during the whole eight years of the Revolutionary War. British vessels patrolled the Sound and kept up a blockade, so that it was almost impossible for a trading schooner to run their lines; and salt, which was then imported from the West Indies, became so scarce that the inhabitants had to make it for themselves from the salt water of the Sound. The inhabitants feared the attacks of the British war ships. At last Danbury and New Haven were attacked in turn, and General Ward was ordered from Guilford with all the militia he could muster at short notice, first to Danbury and a few months later to New Haven. His wife, Diana Hubbard, rode on horseback from their farm down to the town to see him march away when he went to New Haven, and rode back with six Tories, walking three on each side of her horse. One of these, Eli Foster, was her son-in-law; another, Levi Hubbard, was her brother; so were families divided in those days. The town was almost emptied of its able-bodied men who were of the patriot belief, and for safety the Tory hostages were sent to North Plains, two miles out of the town, with Mrs. Ward. So great was the fear, that Harriet Foote, a granddaughter of Mrs. Ward, in company with two of her little girl friends, buried their dolls and some of their playthings in Sandy Hill, near the house of General Ward, to save them from the British.

At the close of the war General Ward found himself with an impoverished farm and \$400 in Continental shinplasters, not worth the paper they were printed on, and preserved by his descendants as relics of days agonizing in the struggle, but full of destiny for those that were to come after. KATE FOOTE.



## THE ONE HUNDRED AND NINETEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

[A paper read before the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, at Kendall Green, Washington, D. C., April 19, 1894.]

WE are here to-day to celebrate the very outbreak of the American Revolution, to review the battles of Lexington and Concord, to refresh our memories as to the events of that memorable 19th of April, 1775, when our oppressed and liberty-loving people struck their first blow in defense of their God-given rights, and to trace some of the causes that led up to this stroke for liberty.

The midnight ride of Paul Revere, which roused the yeomanry of the country, brought a band of determined heroes to the battle of Lexington; but it must not be thought that the American Revolution was caused by the instantaneous discovery and defense of principles of government before unthought of. It was the full development of political sentiments the origin of which lay back two centuries in English history. Let us briefly trace these causes.

Charles I of England, who had been glad to get rid of the Puritans by their emigration to America, began to doubt this policy when he heard of their independent action in the New World. Therefore in 1633 he issued a proclamation forbidding Puritans to leave England. In 1637, hearing that another fleet was about to sail to New England with a body of emigrants, including a number of Puritan leaders, the King had an "order of council" issued for their détention. The order being promptly enforced, the voyage was prevented. On board this fleet, among other eminent individuals, were Hampden, Pym, and Oliver Cromwell, detained, as it proved, to avenge the tyranny of the Crown. This proceeding inflamed the public mind to the highest pitch. "Even the hospitality of rude deserts," it was exclaimed, "was denied to the oppressed of Great Britain."

The repeal of the obnoxious Stamp Act in 1770, by the ministers of George III gave hope to the Colonies that taxation without

representation would also be abandoned. They found their mistake when a fresh cargo of tea entered Boston harbor with the usual tax demanded. As a last resort a town meeting was summoned and a formal request made to Governor Gage that the ships be sent away. The Governor refused the request and the customs also refused a clearance unless the tea was landed. Samuel Adams then rose and said : " This meeting can do nothing more to save the country." Scarce were the words spoken when a war whoop answered outside of the door, and fifty men in the disguise of Mohawk Indians passed by the entrance, hastening to Griffith's wharf, where the ships were moored.

Before the nine o'clock bell rung, three hundred and forty-two chests of tea upon the ships had been staved and their contents emptied into the sea. Not a person was harmed, no other property injured, and the vast crowd, looking upon the scene from the wharf in the clear, frosty moonlight, was so still that the click of the hatchets could be distinctly heard.

Boston was the first to feel the vengeance of the English government. The " Boston Port Bill," closing the port to all trading vessels, was the punishment, and a body of English troops were sent out and quartered upon the inhabitants.

The first Congress of the Colonies met September 4, 1774, at Philadelphia, to resent these wrongs. Delegates were present from eleven Colonies. The proceedings were distinguished by great boldness, decision, and determination. William Pitt, the British Minister, who read the Memorial Address and Petition, commented on it in the following terms :

I must declare and avow that in all my reading and study among the master states of the world, that for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion under such complicated circumstances, no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the General Congress at Philadelphia.

In this hour of national infatuation, Lord Chatham, after a long retirement from public life, resumed his seat in the House of Lords, and exerted his unrivaled eloquence in attempts to dissuade his countrymen from attempting to subdue the Americans by force of arms. Though venerable from age, he spoke with the fire of youth. He enlarged upon the dangerous events that were coming upon the nation. He arraigned the conduct

of the ministers with great severity, and moved that an address be presented to His Majesty beseeching him to dispatch orders to General Gage to remove the British troops from the town of Boston. His Lordship supported this motion by a pathetic and spirited speech. But the motion was rejected by a large majority. Petitions were presented from merchants and manufacturers of London and Bristol warning their countrymen of the danger to which their commercial interests were exposed. These were referred to a committee. A similar fate attended the petitions from Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham; they were consigned to what was humorously called, "the Committee of Oblivion." A paper was also offered to Parliament by Mr. Bollen, Dr. Franklin, and Mr. Lee, three American delegates to Parliament, stating that they were authorized by the "American Continental Congress" to present their petition to the King. But the Ministry alleged "that as the American Congress was not a legal body, nothing could be received therefrom."

Not discouraged by this, Lord Chatham introduced a bill for settling the troubles in America, thereby giving the Lords one more opportunity to retain the Colonies with honor to themselves. When he sat down, Lord Sandwich rose and in a petulant speech opposed its being received at all. He said it should be rejected with the contempt it deserved, and he could not believe it to be the production of any British peer; that it appeared to him rather the work of some American; and, turning his face toward Dr. Franklin (who was leaning on the bar), said that "he fancied he had in his eye the person who drew it up—one of the bitterest and most mischievous enemies this country had ever known." This turned the eyes of all the lords upon the insulted American, who, with the self-command peculiar to great minds, kept his countenance unmoved. Lord Chatham, in reply to Lord Sandwich, declared the bill proposed by him to be entirely his own—

But he made no scruple to declare that if he were Prime Minister and had the care of settling this momentous business he should not be ashamed of calling to his assistance a person so perfectly acquainted with American affairs as the gentleman alluded to and so injuriously reflected upon, Dr. Franklin—one whom all Europe held in high estimation for his knowledge and wisdom, and ranked with the Boyles and Newtons—who was an honor not only to the English nation, but to human nature.

In spite of this high tribute and the eloquence of his appeal the plan proposed by Lord Chatham was rejected by a majority of sixty-four to thirty-two, without even being admitted to lie on the table. Thus did Parliament illustrate in this action the truth of the classic proverb :

Whom the gods destroy they first make mad.

The immediate coercion of the Colonies was now resolved upon, and the ministers would not suffer themselves to be diverted from its execution. After some debate the ministerial plans were carried by great majorities, and on the 9th of February, 1775, a joint address from the Houses of Lords and Commons was presented to His Majesty George III, in which they said that "rebellion actually existed in the Province of Massachusetts, and besought His Majesty to take most effectual measures to enforce due obedience to the Crown."

Eighteen lords protested against this address, "as founded on no proper parliamentary information, the ministers having inflamed and aggravated the Americans and grossly misconducted the affairs of Great Britain." By the address against which this protest was entered the Parliament of Great Britain "passed the Rubicon." So widely did the claims of the two countries differ from each other that reconciliation was now impossible. Pardon was offered by the government to all offenders in New England except two men, "John Hancock" and "Samuel Adams," who were designated as "dangerous rebels who deserved capital punishment." No notice of this was taken by the people of the Colonies.

In civil war or revolution it is a matter of much consequence who strikes the first blow. The sympathy of the world is in favor of the attacked, and the displeasure of good men is visited on those who are the first to imbue their hands in human blood.

For the space of nine months after the arrival of General Gage and his troops in Boston the behavior of the people of that town was worthy of admiration. They conducted their opposition with great tact, forbearance, and address. They avoided every kind of outrage and violence, preserved peace and good order, engaged the other Colonies to make a common cause with them,

and provided themselves with arms and ammunition while training their militia.

Military stores were collected in different places, particularly at Concord, about twenty miles from Boston. General Gage determined to destroy these stores and thus nip rebellion in the bud, and he took every precaution to effect the seizure by surprise. At eleven o'clock on the night of April 18, 1775, eight hundred grenadiers and light infantry, the flower of the royal army, left Boston secretly, under command of Colonel Smith, their object being the seizure of these stores at Concord. Neither the secrecy with which this expedition was planned nor the privacy of the midnight march were sufficient, however, to prevent intelligence being spread to the country militia and yeomanry of what was on foot. The prompt action of one man at this critical moment perhaps turned the scale of the American Revolution; for had not Paul Revere mounted his horse and galloped at midnight to every Middlesex village and farm on the night of April 18, and roused the farmers, "with a cry of defiance, not of fear," there would have been no gathering of patriots on the green at Lexington on the morning of April 19, and the "shot heard round the world" might not have been fired that day.

A hurry of hoofs in the village street,  
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,  
And beneath from the pebbles in passing, a spark,  
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet—  
That was all, and yet thro' the gloom and the light  
The fate of a nation was riding that night;  
And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight  
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

About two o'clock on the morning of the 19th one hundred and thirty of the Lexington militia assembled on the green, but were dismissed with orders to appear again between four and five, when they again assembled, just as the British regulars made their appearance along the turnpike. Major Pitcairn, who led the advance corps of the British, rode up and called out: "Disperse, you rebels; throw down your arms and disperse!" Instead of obeying this order the militia remained in a body unmoved. Major Pitcairn advanced nearer, discharged his pistol in their midst and ordered his soldiers "to fire." Four of the militia were killed on the green, a few more were shot after they

began to retire—eight in all. Surprised and briefly checked by this resistance, the royal detachment proceeded to Concord to accomplish their mission.

Before reaching the bridge they disabled two 24-pounder cannon, threw five hundred pounds of balls into wells, and staved about sixty barrels of flour.

Mr. John Buttrick, of Concord, major of the "Minute Men," not knowing what had been done at Lexington, ordered his men "not to give the first fire."

The British regulars fired and killed Captain Isaac Davis and a private of the "Minute Men."

The following is an extract from the diary of the Rev. William Emerson, grandfather of Ralph Waldo Emerson :

*April 19, 1775.*—This morning, between one and two o'clock, we were alarmed by the ringing of the bell, and found that troops to the number of eight hundred had stolen their march from Boston in boats and barges and were at Lexington meeting house half an hour before sunrise, where they had fired upon a body of men and killed several. This news was brought by Samuel Prescott, who narrowly escaped the guard who were sent before on horses to prevent messengers giving us timely information. He, by the help of a fleet horse, crossed several walls and fences, arrived at Concord, and gave an account of the attack at Lexington by regulars who were now on their route to Concord. Upon this a number of our Minute Men, belonging to this town and other places, were in readiness and marched out to meet them, while another company were preparing to receive them in the town. Scarcely had we formed before we saw the British troops at the distance of a quarter of a mile, glittering in arms, advancing toward us rapidly. As our number was so small compared to theirs, it was thought best to retreat until recruits from neighboring towns should meet us ; so we crossed the bridge.

The troops came into the town, set fire to several carriages for the artillery, destroyed sixty barrels of flour, rifled several houses, took possession of the town-house, destroyed five hundred pounds of balls, and set a guard of one hundred men at North Bridge.

Our people now advanced, with special orders not to fire upon the troops unless fired upon. After three volleys from the British, the firing became general for several minutes ; in which skirmish two were killed on each side and several of the enemy wounded. We did not then know that eight of our men had been killed at Lexington. The three companies of British regulars soon quitted their post at the bridge and retreated in disorder to the main body. In the meantime one hundred and fifty of our men took the back way through fields, and, lying in ambush behind walls, fences, and buildings, fired upon the enemy in their retreat.

Here ends the leaf from the diary. History says :

A little after sunset the regulars reached Bunker Hill, worn down with excessive fatigue, having marched between thirty and forty miles. There never were more than four hundred Provincials engaged at the same time. As some tired and gave out, others came up and took their places. There was no discipline observed among them. Officers and privates fired when they were ready, or saw a royal uniform, without waiting for word of command. When the road passed between woods the British found themselves between two fires dealt by unseen foes, the Minute Men posting themselves on each side among the bushes. The retreat grew more and more disastrous.

Before reaching Lexington, Colonel Smith, the British commander, received a severe wound in the leg. About two o'clock they were met by Lord Percy with a brigade of a thousand men, sent by General Gage in compliance with Colonel Smith's call for reinforcements. They had marched gaily through Roxbury to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," in derision of the rebels ; but Lord Percy found them a more formidable force than he expected. Opening his brigade to the right and left he received the retreating troops into a hollow square, where fainting and exhausted they threw themselves on the ground to rest. Lord Percy soon continued the retreat to Boston. They burned and plundered dwellings on the roadside. Their march was more and more impeded by the number of their wounded.

The pursuit ended a little after sunset at the Boston common. General Gage was astonished at the catastrophe. The British loss was seventy-three killed and one hundred and seventy-four wounded. The Americans, forty-nine killed and thirty-nine wounded and missing, the odds, even under such tremendous disadvantage, being in favor of the Americans.

The tidings of Lexington and Concord had no sooner spread than it was universally felt that the time had come for action. A spirit pervaded all ranks, not transient nor boisterous, but deep, solemn, and determined. War on their own soil was indeed strange work for the yeomanry of New England, but their country called and the ordinary occupations of life were neglected that they might obey. The plow was staid in the furrow, and trade was no longer the ruling spirit of cities. The Colonies ranged side by side, determined to stand or fall together, and from that moment there was one cause, one country, and one heart! Perhaps in no subsequent battle did the Americans appear to greater advantage than in their first essay at Lexington and Concord.

It is almost without a parallel in military history for the yeomanry of a country to come forward in a single, disjointed man-



ner, without order and for the most part without officers, and by an irregular fire to put to flight troops equal in discipline to any in the world! When Washington heard of the battle, he inquired if the militia had stood the fire of the regulars. When told "that they not only stood the fire, but reserved their own until the enemy was within eight rods," "Then," exclaimed he, "the liberties of the country are safe!"

The battle-ground at Concord was long afterwards presented to the town by the Rev. Dr. Ripley, who remarked in town meeting, a half century ago, "that the time would come when the spot would be a place of great interest to many." How well this prediction has been verified the daily stream of visitors to Concord Bridge bears abundant witness!

The spot on which the British fought has long been marked by a plain granite monument which bears a tablet with the following inscription:

Here, on the 19th of April, 1775, was made the first forcible resistance to British aggression. Here fell the first of the enemy in the War of the Revolution. In gratitude to God and in the love of freedom this monument was erected.

Daniel C. French, a young sculptor of Concord, designed a bronze statue of the "Minute Man" of the day, which marks the spot on the opposite side of the bridge where the British were finally repulsed. It represents a stalwart and handsome young farmer in the knee-breeches and three-cornered hat of the period, one hand resting upon the plow, which he is just leaving in the furrow, while the other grasps an old flint-lock musket of the day, which he has quickly caught up at the call "To arms!" The expression of his face is one of highest courage and quick determination—a splendid example of resolute young America!

The bridge which has been built over the beautiful River Concord at this point is an exact copy of the Old North Bridge of the battle. Upon the granite base of the monument are cut the lines of Emerson's hymn:

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,  
Their flag to April breeze unfurled,  
Here once the embattled farmers stood  
And fired the shot heard round the world.





MRS. MARY SAWYER FOOT,  
CHARTER MEMBER, NATIONAL SOCIETY DAUGHTERS OF THE  
AMERICAN REVOLUTION.  
MEMBER OF ADVISORY BOARD.

In view of the fact that Concord was the home of both Emerson and French (the artist), it has been well said "Few towns can furnish a poet, a sculptor, and an occasion!"

As they pass the bridge even the most careless visitor pauses for a moment at the grave of the British soldiers, who, over a hundred years, have lain on the spot where they fell and were hastily buried on the day of the fight. No one knew their names, and a simple granite stone has been their only monument for a hundred years, on which are cut these words:

Grave of the British Soldiers.

Instead of easy victory the British soldiers, who started out so gaily from Boston on that April morning one hundred and nineteen years ago to-day, met surprising failure and repulse, while many found an unexpected grave by Concord's peaceful stream. The struggle thus begun was destined to drag through many weary years of strife, with many a dark and gloomy hour.

That the result was what it was, that Justice, Liberty, and Truth finally triumphed, we, the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, are here today, April 19, 1894, to celebrate, and rejoice and with grateful hearts to remember our forefathers who fought at the battles of Lexington and Concord. That day cemented the Union of the Colonies, and as the centuries roll on the United States of America will honor the heroic defenders of her soil.

ANNA LAWRENCE PLATT.

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## A GLIMPSE OF MASSACHUSETTS IN THE REVOLUTION.

### THE LANCASTER REGIMENT.

It is with pleasure that I respond to the general invitation extended to the members of the Mary Washington Chapter to write a paper upon Revolutionary history, embracing also the service of an ancestor through whom I became eligible to membership in the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

As I had not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with my great-grandfather, Ephraim Sawyer, I must depend largely upon

the facts of history concerning him, rather than upon those of recollection. There are, however, traditions in my mother's family that my great-grandmother, Dolly Wilder Sawyer, inspired her husband and five sons by her indomitable courage and patriotism and bade them "God speed" in the defense of their country, the youngest of whom, a lad of but fourteen years, followed his father to Bunker Hill. Dolly Wilder Sawyer, during the prolonged and weary struggle for freedom from British oppression and tyranny, maintained unfaltering faith in the justice of the principles for which the colonists were contending, and she therefore clasped to her brave heart the talisman of ultimate victory. While her husband and sons were in active service in the field she dispensed lavish hospitality at home, with a faith sublime, to all who suffered by the ravages of war. A beautiful tradition this, in our family circle; yet no page of history is illumined by her truly heroic spirit!

If this patriotic Society accomplishes nothing more than to bring to light the unwritten history of the women of the American Revolution, then shall it indeed subserve the highest interests of this Republic, the fairest daughter, the one priceless jewel of the world, whose radiant beauty is beheld with admiring gaze by the nations of the earth. Eternal justice is its corner-stone; liberty its watchword! How can the superstructure be other than fair, with its minarets of progress piercing the pure atmosphere of Heaven's blue dome and penetrating to the very throne of God—the Author of Liberty, the divine source of the Nation's birth? Our heroic ancestors with prophetic vision beheld their heritage, the reward of the sacrifice of their lives, else what so early fired their hearts to do and to dare in defense of principles so seemingly trivial?

I have always believed that that generous cup of tea in Boston harbor on that moonlight evening of December 16, 1773, was the tonic which nerved every patriot heart, for its aroma penetrated to the remotest limit of the Colonies then—even New York City got a whiff—and occasionally I fancy that I get a sniff now of the odious and proscribed beverage.

There comes to my mind the name of one less prominent, less radiant upon the page of history, than are the names of those who composed this unique tea-party, but none the less honored,

forsooth. Behold a veteran of the French and Indian wars—Colonel Asa Whitcomb, of Lancaster, Massachusetts. Asa Whitcomb was a representative from Lancaster to the General Court in 1773 from the first town meeting of that year, which “anticipated by three and one-half years the liberty-breathing sentiments of the Declaration of Independence.” He was one of a “permanent committee of correspondence” for Lancaster, chosen September 5, 1774. “He was also one of the four leaders of liberty chosen to represent the town in the first Provincial Convention.”

Such had been the prolonged service of Asa Whitcomb in the French and Indian wars, from 1748 to 1758, that upon the breaking out of the Revolution he was prematurely infirm from age. When the Provincial Congress, at Watertown, Massachusetts (Dr. Joseph Warren, President), ordered, on April 22, 1775, the enrollment of an army of thirteen thousand troops, Asa Whitcomb was the first to report his command. He had eleven companies, one more than the quota. This was reported May 23, 1775. On the same date my great-grandfather, Ephraim Sawyer, was commissioned major of this regiment of militia, although he held at that time a commission dated April 19, 1775, as second major in Colonel John Whitcomb's regiment of Minute Men. John and Asa Whitcomb were brothers. I had the pleasure and satisfaction of seeing these commissions with one other, dated February 2, 1776, promoting my great-grandfather to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the Second Regiment of Militia. I found them upon the Revolutionary rolls in the office of the Secretary of State at Boston.

The tradition of the old Lancaster families is that on the day of Bunker Hill the Lancaster Regiment was stationed at Cambridge to furnish reinforcements to Colonel Prescott, and that some of its companies reached the Hill and fought in the final struggle. About one hundred men (they say) were engaged; two were killed, eight wounded, and two missing. This need no longer be a tradition, for upon the bronze arch in Charlestown, Massachusetts, among the regiments imperishably inscribed there who took part in the battle of Bunker Hill, we read, “Whitcomb's Regiment, Lancaster, Mass.; two killed, Haskell's Company.”

One incident in the history of Asa Whitcomb, the soldier-patriot, stamps him as truly great. By a popular demand in 1774 for the resignation of all military commissions, the reorganization of the army began. Asa and John Whitcomb, after their resignations, were elected colonels. On the further reorganization of the army, Washington, owing to the many infirmities of Asa Whitcomb's age, left him out of command. His troops resented this and refused to serve under Colonel Brewer, who had been put at the head of his regiment, or under any other commander; whereupon Whitcomb reproved them for their lack of patriotism and offered to enlist as a private. Washington, on hearing this, restored him to his command and complimented him in special orders for his unselfishness, his zeal, and his patriotism. Whitcomb continued in the service about two years.

During the siege of Boston the Lancaster Regiment was brigaded with the Rhode Island troops under General Greene and stationed at Prospect Hill. It remained after the evacuation in garrison there until ordered to reinforce the army in New York. Asa Whitcomb commanded the detachment which fortified Long Island on the night of June 13, 1776. That he was Paymaster-General of the army during the siege of Boston, I must not omit to mention. As I stood upon Dorchester Heights a few years since I maliciously reveled in retrospect at the hasty evacuation of Boston and the retreat of Lord Howe and his redcoats upon "Saint Patrick's Day in the morning." Halifax was none the more and Boston none the less!

The Lancaster Regiment, under the command of Colonel Whitcomb, Josiah Whitney, lieutenant-colonel, and Ephraim Sawyer, major, reinforced the army in New York by a resolve of the General Court, and it participated in the battles about New York, and in those of Princeton, Trenton, Germantown, and Brandywine. (See order of Council, Massachusetts Archives, Boston.)

Asa Whitcomb was one of the richest men in the country at the breaking out of the Revolution, and such was his zeal that he pledged his whole fortune, and he gave with such lavish liberality to the cause that when the infirmities of age compelled his retirement from the army he was so impoverished that his pride prevented his return to his old friends



in Lancaster, and he died among strangers in Princeton, Massachusetts, in extreme poverty, on March 16, 1804. He was sustained by a conscious integrity and an exalted piety that never departed from him.

Truly, Asa Whitcomb was one of those patriots whose courage, ability, and self-denial made the Revolution a success.

How can I do other than commend the matrimonial venture of Colonel Whitcomb, for he married my mother's grand-aunt, Eunice Sawyer. It was in 1744, his twenty-fourth year. What could afford me more satisfaction than to be admitted into this patriotic Society collaterally, through Asa Whitcomb, if I were not already in lineally through Ephraim Sawyer? But the fiat has been issued "excluding collateral descendants;" so we, the Daughters, and you, the Sons, may not honor valor by collateral representation, though we may emulate his virtues by submitting loyally and gracefully to the will of the majority as he did. This is the fluid extract of all virtues. Not to do this is rank heresy; it is schism, utterly disorganizing and destructive in its results.

How resplendent is the record of the Bay State! Massachusetts led the van in this contest. Putnam left his plow in the furrow, mounted his horse, and hastened toward Cambridge. Two hundred and fifty-seven men from Lancaster, April 19, 1775, the day we celebrate, made a forced march to Cambridge, and some of them reached Lexington before the running fire ended. One-fourth of the male population of Massachusetts was kept in constant service. The names of six hundred men of Lancaster, that small town in the lovely valley of the Nashua River, which encircles the place like a silver girdle, are on the Revolutionary records. On January 1, 1776, the "New Continental Army" was organized, and on this date the "Union flag of thirteen States" was unfurled in the American camp at Cambridge. In Massachusetts it required one man in every seven to fill the quota; that for Lancaster was ninety-six. All volunteered, the draft not being resorted to.

The military service of my great-grandfather, Ephraim Sawyer, of Lancaster, Massachusetts, in the French and Indian wars had been to him practically a school at arms. He was in His Majesty's service as lieutenant under Sir J. Amherst at the captures of Fort Carillon (Ticonderoga) and of Crown Point, and at

the subsequent conquest of Canada. His father fought in General Abercrombie's splendid army of fifteen thousand men at the unsuccessful storming of Ticonderoga three years previous, 1758.

At the outbreak of the Revolution Ephraim Sawyer promptly espoused the cause of freedom, raised a company of Minute Men, serving as second major in Colonel John Whitcomb's regiment. He was appointed major on May 23, 1775, in Colonel Asa Whitcomb's regiment of militia, and was at Bunker Hill, and at Trenton, Princeton, Germantown, Brandywine, etc. He led his regiment at Dobb's Ferry as lieutenant-colonel, and was in the campaign against Burgoyne that led to his capture at Saratoga October 17, 1777, and fought in that battle.

On his way through Lake Champlain with Lord Amherst, in 1759, the boat under the command of my great-grandfather was wrecked in a severe gale on Grande Isle, and the bay where he found shelter has since been marked as Sawyer's Bay on the Coast Survey charts.

At the close of the Revolution Colonel Sawyer removed, with the wreck of his property, to this beautiful island, buying one hundred acres of land on Sawyer's Bay. He had a family of eleven; but one grandson survives, residing in Chicago, and named for General Greene. Ephraim Sawyer died in 1813, aged ninety-four. His body rests in the country churchyard beside that of his lovely and patriotic wife, Dolly Wilder Sawyer, waiting the summons of the last tattoo, while the splash of the waters laves its beautiful shores, and the grim mountains on either side stand like sentinels to sound the alarm, as when, in tones of thunder, Ethan Allen shouted the majestic words in the early dawn of May 10, 1776, "In the name of the Great Jehovah and of the Continental Congress, I demand the surrender of this fort." Let me here mention briefly the military services of my five grand-uncles, the sons of Ephraim Sawyer.

Captain Ephraim Sawyer, his eldest son, was at the siege of Boston under General Sullivan, participating in many engagements with his father about New York, including Long Island. He also fought in the battles of Germantown, Brandywine, Trenton, Princeton, etc.

James Sawyer, who at fourteen followed his father to Bunker Hill, was commissioned ensign February 22, 1781, in Michael

Jackson's Eighth Massachusetts Regiment. He was in Colonel Hamilton's Light Infantry at the storming of the redoubt at Yorktown, and was present at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. I have passed over the six years of his services in the interim.

Lieutenant John Sawyer was adjutant of Governor Brook's Seventh Massachusetts Regiment. Ensign Josiah and Private Peter Sawyer were the two other sons who took part in the Revolution. At the surrender of Cornwallis, Lafayette, at the head of his division, observing that the British confined their admiration of the French army to the exclusion of his dashing Light Infantry—the apple of his eye and the very pride of his heart—ordered his music to strike up "Yankee Doodle." "Then," said General Lafayette, "they did look at us, but were not very well pleased."

There is a thrilling adventure and a charming romance, too, related of one of my early ancestors in Garnan's History of Canada and in Whitney's History of Worcester County, which I forbear relating, but it verifies the adage that "truth is stranger than fiction."

Thomas Sawyer, my great ancestor, married Mary Prescott, of Lancaster, the daughter of John and Mary Platts Prescott, the progenitors of the Prescotts in America. It is with pardonable pride, therefore, that I can state that mingled "Prescott and Sawyer" blood flows in my veins. It is an anomaly that William H. Prescott, the historian, married Miss Linzee, the granddaughter of the man who fired the first shot against the Americans at Bunker Hill. Captain Linzee commanded the sloop of war "Falcon" that commanded the works on Bunker Hill. The swords then worn by Captain Prescott and Captain Linzee, the respective grandfathers of the historian and his wife, were crossed in a conspicuous place in their library in Boston during his lifetime.

It may be shocking to our sensibilities to come down from the crossed swords of contending nations to "Mary had a little lamb whose fleece was white as snow;" but I want to tell you that this very Mary, the original, was Mary Sawyer, and she was one of my ancestors. She lived in Somerville, Massachusetts. Later she became Mrs. Tyler. At her death, some

years since, the Hub ventilated anew the pathetic story of "Mary had a little lamb" in true New England style.

If we truly love this beautiful Society with enthusiasm and constancy as "Mary loved the lamb, you know," we shall ever find something that we may do to advance its interests. We must come out of ourselves, look above and beyond self, and advance like true soldiers and descendants of the Revolution, viz, be willing to afflict each other by dissertations of this sort. I am reminded of the sign of the first public library of Lancaster, Massachusetts, established in 1741. It was immense, if not voluminous; it was ecclesiastical, if not orthodox. It comprised a single volume of nine hundred pages. The title was "Samuel Willard's Complete Body of Divinity." It was purchased by the town. At the present date Lancaster has a library of which the town is indeed proud.

From this let us be encouraged to establish a Chapter library; let every volume be contributed; a book of entry opened. Yes; let us found the Library of the Mary Washington Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, even though our first volume should not compass, like Samuel Willard's, the "Complete Body of Divinity."

May we, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the lineal descendants of those who held not their lives dear to establish the principles of eternal justice and freedom; may we, the inheritors of this fair Republic, prove ourselves worthy of our inheritance; may we keep pure those principles which will vibrate in the life immortal when the earth itself shall be no more

Above all, let us rise superior to every fleeting cloud and bask in the eternal sunshine of a lofty patriotism. So shall we indeed best serve our day and generation.

MARY SAWYER FOOT.

## FORT MCHENRY.

IN 1661 an early settler, Charles Gorsuch, a member of the Society of Friends, patented fifty acres of land from the Crown of England, afterwards known as Whitstone Point, lying between the branches of the Patapsco River, at whose extremity Fort McHenry now stands. Mr. Gorsuch vacating, a patent was granted for the same land to James Carroll, who gave it the name "Whitstone."

In the latter part of 1775 the whole country was in a state of political excitement, and though perhaps but few individuals had the remotest idea of a total disruption of the ties that connected them with the mother country, yet all were ready to fly to the resort of arms in defense of their colonial rights, upon which Great Britain had been gradually making tyrannical encroachments. In this state of excitement it was natural that commercial enterprises, of which Baltimore had a goodly share, should be in a great measure suspended.

The mouth of the Chesapeake was watched by British ships of war, and merchantmen were doubtful whether their vessels, bent on the most peaceful and legitimate objects, would be respected. About this time the British sloop of war "Otter," under Captain Squires, made a demonstration in the Patapsco River with various boats, which produced great alarm in Baltimore. It was this alarm which gave rise to the necessity of throwing up batteries and fortifying Whitstone Point. A water battery was planned by Mr. James Alcock and speedily completed, and artillery, under the command of Captain Sam Smith, was placed at the post. This defense at this time was considered invincible.

During Washington's second administration, in the year 1794, this fort was enlarged and repaired by the State of Maryland, and soon after ceded by the State to the United States. It then received the name of Fort McHenry, in honor of Colonel James McHenry, of Maryland, who was at that time Secretary of War in Washington's Cabinet. At the opening of the war of 1812 this fort was further strengthened by the State and the garrison

greatly increased. After the capture of Washington by the British and the disgraceful burning of the Capitol by General Ross and his troops the army again embarked. The fleet under Admiral Cockburn sailed up the Chesapeake Bay to North Point. Here General Ross and his troops—a part of Wellington's "Invincibles"—disembarked and prepared for an advance against Baltimore, while the majority of the frigates sailed up the river in order to make an attack upon Fort McHenry.

Although interest was intense for the engagement at North Point, yet all national interest centered in the bombardment of Fort McHenry. On the night of September 12, 1814, the British war vessels, a fleet of sixteen ships, gathered around the fort in a circle and commenced the attack. The fort was under the immediate command of Lieutenant-Colonel George Armistead, of the United States artillery, his total force amounting to about one thousand effective men. The superior qualities of the British armament enabled them to keep at a great distance, and make the fort rather a target than an opponent, and their incessant firing continued all through the night. The little garrison at the fort replied occasionally to let the enemy know they had not surrendered. Having no means of reaching the British at the distance which they took care to keep, the fort's brave defenders were compelled to endure without reply an incessant bombardment of twenty-four hours, while their indignant defiance was manifested only by the waving of its flag, calmly floating in the breeze. Whenever the frigates did advance within reach of the American cannon they were promptly repulsed, sometimes with no little damage. Toward morning the British gave up the contest and shortly afterwards withdrew to the mouth of the river. Here the land forces rejoined them, and the last British army to attempt the subjugation of Maryland forever departed from its shores.

I cannot speak of Fort McHenry without recalling to your attention that most picturesque figure of the whole story, Francis Scott Key, a prisoner on the British war-ship, while the fate of the fort, of the city, perhaps of the country, hung in the balance.

All well know how he came to be in this position; how he sought the frigate, under a flag of truce, to effect the release of a captive friend, and how, although he was courteously treated,

it was deemed unadvisable to allow him to go back, having seen the enemy's preparations for the contemplated attack. The hard fate which had placed our Maryland gentleman in this position of suspense further mocked him by placing the ship of his confinement in sight of Fort McHenry during the bombardment, though it was not actively engaged.

Do not our hearts beat with sympathy for the patriot as he strains his eyes at sunset to see that the Stars and Stripes still wave over the fort—as he holds his breath in the dark hours of night to hear the boom of the cannon which tells him that the cause of freedom still holds out? But who can picture the anxious stress of that last hour before daylight, when the bombardment has ceased and a silence which may mean defeat reigns over the water!

Restlessly pacing the deck, his emotion can scarcely be repressed. He cannot speak of what he feels to those about him, but unconsciously he speaks to all time; for when, snatching a torn envelope from his pocket, he used the first rays of light in writing down that grand old song, "The Star Spangled Banner," he was preparing for himself a world-wide and enthusiastic audience.

As the glimmering light increased, the prisoner could descry the outline of the fort, with a flag still waving above it; but, oh, what flag? Was it freedom's dear symbol or the tyrannical banner of England?

Clearer and clearer grew the day's calm light, and when finally his country's flag was revealed, proving her proud victory, the patriot-poet ended the song that was to endure forever as a national anthem with the triumphant lines:

'Tis the Star-spangled Banner! O, long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

MARIE J. MCCAY.



## THE BATTLE OF PRINCETON.

JANUARY 3, 1777—JANUARY 3, 1894.

How many of us, patriotic as we may be, even begin to realize one tithe of the debt we owe to those soldiers of the American Revolution whose sufferings and whose noble sacrifices secured our liberty? Their patriotism was indeed exemplified in their lives, and right glorious should be their meed of praise. We were stirred by Dr. Hall's inspiring words last Wednesday, standing, as we did, on sacred, historical ground, "electric to the very pressure of our feet," and yet secure in the liberty that is our birthright. We do not know a single throb or pang such as our grandmothers felt when, oppressed and ground by England's king, they gave their husbands and sons to fight for freedom. There are some of the women in this Chapter who saw their dear ones go forth to war some thirty-odd years ago, and of these brave soldiers some never came home, and others, who fought to victory, returned with wounds which no time could heal. All the horrors and sufferings and privations of those days of our civil war are very real to some of you. But those men fought at no odds; they were equipped for battle with modern weapons of warfare; they had food and clothing; they had means of transportation from point to point; telegraph wires and the daily press gave to the waiting ones at home news from the field; the years of the nineteenth century had added to the refinements of war. All the sufferings, terrible as they were, from the "fall of Sumter," in 1861, to the surrender of Lee, in 1865, would hardly exceed those of a single winter Revolutionary campaign; and while the men fought on the field the women were fighting too—with poverty, with danger of home invasion, and, above all, with the agony of suspense, which, through long months, knew no relief. Talk of bravery to-day! there is no one of us who can claim a right to call ourselves brave in comparison with the noble women of Revolutionary days, from whom we gladly and proudly claim descent. It is indeed fitting that we should study more faithfully the story of our past. No fiction can equal this history—with its

experiences and its romantic episodes. Through all the year are anniversaries of interest, and this afternoon we have met together in honor of a battle fought one hundred and seventeen years ago—the battle of Princeton—which was a crisis in our history.

It will be well, perhaps, to briefly review the historical events leading up to this battle of Princeton. At about this time fifty thousand well-disciplined British soldiers were on American soil, and but indifferently equipped against such forces were hardly more than twenty thousand soldiers on our side. Our men had few blankets, insufficient clothing; nearly a thousand were without shoes, and their steps might be traced from the marks of their bleeding feet upon the snow.

Encamped on the west bank of the Delaware River on Christmas Day of 1776, they knew that across the river at Trenton the Hessians were feasting and carousing, and Washington rightly judged they would be more open to attack than at another time. In the silence of the clouded night, amid the cakes of floating ice and in the face of a bitter wind, the Continental Army were taken across the river in small boats. Under their General's magnetic leadership, with his stirring words, "Fight like men!" ringing in their ears, they marched to victory. The surprise was complete; the British could make but little resistance, and laid down their arms; hundreds were taken prisoners, and their ammunition fell into the hands of our troops. It was the turning point in the Revolution.

Until January 2, 1777, Washington occupied Trenton. Then, hearing that the enemy with some four or five thousand men were marching down from Princeton, Washington prepared to defend the Trenton bridge over the Assanpink. It was near sunset as the columns approached. Upon the result of this battle rested the fate of American independence. The hearts of officers and men never faltered. From an eminence above the bridge they repulsed three desperate onslaughts, and at the last, in loss and confusion, the British gave up the attempt, and as night came on went into camp. It may not be out of place just here to look ahead from this date twelve years. The same Assanpink bridge was wreathed with a triumphal arch bearing the words, "The defender of the mothers will be the preserver of

the daughters." The matrons and girls of the town of Trenton, dressed in white, with wreaths of flowers, awaited the coming of Washington, then on his way to New York to be inaugurated as President, and as he passed along over the flowers they strewed before him, this chorus greeted him :

Welcome, mighty chief, once more ;  
Welcome to this grateful shore.  
Now no mercenary foe  
Aims again the fatal blow,  
Aims at thee the fatal blow.

Virgins fair and matrons grave,  
Those thy conquering arm did save,  
Build for thee triumphal bowers.  
Strew, ye fair, his way with flowers ;  
Strew your hero's way with flowers.

This triumph in 1789 was not dreamed of that winter night of January 2, 1777. Weary and worn, there could be as yet no rest for the men. Washington called a council and planned the surprise of Princeton. The guards were bade to pull down the fences and keep bright the fires. Men were put to work at an intrenchment over the road that the noise might deceive the British, while silently detachment after detachment marched away over the frozen roads to Princeton, ten miles away. When the morning of the 3d dawned, the fires smouldered in front of a deserted camp. The sunrise found our army near Princeton. It was a cold, bright morning, the frost whitening everything. The men had been fighting and marching for eighteen hours without rest, some even without food, and yet they forget fatigue; they were alive only to the glory of their cause. There was no shrinking from duty. General Washington with the main column marched to the right toward Princeton. General Mercer, with three hundred and fifty men, was sent to guard the bridge over Stony Creek, to prevent the approach of Lord Cornwallis from Trenton or the escape of fugitives from Princeton. Over this bridge the British Lieutenant-Colonel Mawhood, who had quartered at Princeton for the night, had just marched with a part of his three companies of dragoons. The flash of the sunlight on the arms of General Mercer's men as they skirted the side of a wood warned him of the approach of

the Americans. Promptly he recrossed the bridge, and both armies endeavored to reach the high ground just beyond. Our men were the first and opened fire; they were protected by a thicket fence. Colonel Mawhood's men, armed with artillery, responded with quick shots. General Mercer, whose "gallant gray" was shot under him, vainly tried to rally his men, who in the hand-to-hand fight were forced, after the third fire, to retreat.

General Mercer, one of the bravest and noblest of soldiers, was struck down by a musket. He fought bravely with his sword, but fell at last with twelve bayonet wounds and was left for dead; but afterwards was taken to the house of Mr. Clark, near by, where he was tenderly cared for until his death, nine days later. The story of this brave officer's sufferings is pathetic. General Washington wrote Lord Cornwallis, asking that he might have every attention and begging that his nephew, Lieutenant Lewis, might be with him. The requests were granted, but the wounds were fatal and he bravely died, offering with his last breath prayers for the success of the cause of American Independence.

It is said of him that when a new company of Virginia volunteers was to be formed that every applicant was so high in station that only positions as officers could be offered them. Finally a soldierly man marched up to the Speaker's chair, in the House of Burgesses, and handed up a paper upon which was written "Hugh Mercer will serve his adopted country and the cause of liberty in any rank or station to which he may be appointed." This from a veteran soldier, bred to European warfare—from one who had fought with Washington in 1755 and was high in his esteem—was sufficient to arouse enthusiasm among all present. By acclamation he was placed in command of the Third Regiment of Virginia, and this man it was who fell at Princeton. Washington, hearing the sound of firing, marched at the head of a division to General Mercer's relief. The enemy, who had followed the retreating Americans to the edge of the declivity, suddenly came upon Washington and his men. This was the hour of trial. Then it was that Washington displayed his most heroic devotion. Bravely he urged on his men, riding forward himself in the very front of the ranks—

the target for every bullet. There was a roar of musketry; Colonel Fitzgerald drew his hat over his eyes; he could not bear to see his general and friend fall. There is a shout—it is the shout of victory—the smoke rolls away and the enemy's ranks are broken and fleeing, the American leader—"alive, unharmed, and without a wound"—waving his hat and cheering his comrades on to pursuit. Colonel Fitzgerald rode over dead and dying to the side of his chief, saying, "Thank God, Your Excellency is safe!" while the General's favorite aide, a gallant Irishman, gave vent to his feelings and wept for joy. "Washington, ever calm during scenes of excitement, grasped the hand of his aide and friend and then ordered, 'Away, my dear Colonel, and bring up the troops; the day is our own!'"

This battle of Princeton, for the time it lasted—from fifteen to twenty minutes—was the most fatal to our officers of any during the whole Revolutionary War.

The bravery and discipline of the gallant British greatly impressed Washington, for at the height of the conflict he turned to his officers, saying—

See how those noble fellows fight! Ah, gentlemen, when shall we be able to keep an army long enough together to display a discipline equal to our enemies?

The routed British army retreated to Princeton, a mile or more away, and took refuge in the college and Presbyterian Church, which they had for some weeks occupied as barracks. Old Nassau Hall, still standing, for the fire in Princeton in 1802 spared its walls, was attacked by the Americans and taken. A musket ball penetrated the walls and destroyed the picture of George II. In the frame, left intact, a painting of Washington by the elder Peale now hangs. It was purchased by the trustees with the fifty guineas Washington gave them as indemnity for the injury done to the college. Of this battle of Princeton it would be interesting to give almost in full Washington's letter, written January 5, to the President of Congress. He writes, after telling of the fight at Assanpink bridge:

Having by this time discovered that the enemy were greatly superior in number, and that their design was to surround us, I ordered all our baggage to be removed silently to Burlington soon after dark, and at twelve o'clock, after renewing our fires and leaving guards at the bridge in Tren-

ton and other passes on the same stream above, marched by a roundabout road to Princeton, where I knew they could not have much force left and might have stores. One thing I was certain of—that it would avoid the appearance of a retreat (which was of consequence, or to run the hazard of the whole army being cut off), whilst we might by a fortunate stroke withdraw General Howe from Trenton and give some reputation to our arms. Happily we succeeded. We found Princeton, about sunrise, with only three regiments and three troops of light horse in it, two of which were on their march to Trenton. These three regiments, especially the two first, made a gallant resistance, and in killed, wounded, and prisoners must have lost five hundred men; upwards of one hundred of them were left dead on the field, and, with what I have with me and what were taken in the pursuit and carried across the Delaware, there are near three hundred prisoners, fourteen of whom are officers, all British.

This piece of good fortune is counterbalanced by the loss of the brave and worthy General Mercer, Colonels Hazlet and Potter, Captain Neal, of the artillery; Captain Fleming, who commanded the First Virginian Regiment, and four or five other valuable officers, who, with about twenty-five or thirty privates, were slain on the field. Our whole loss cannot be ascertained, as many who were in pursuit of the enemy (who were chased three or four miles) are not yet come in. The rear of the enemy's army, lying at Maidenhead, not more than five or six miles from Princeton, was up with us before our pursuit was over, but as I had the precaution to destroy the bridge over Stony Brook, about half a mile from the field of action, they were so long retarded there as to give us time to move off in good order for this place.

Of the destruction of this bridge we read elsewhere that Major John Kelly was sent with a detachment to destroy it. Tearing off the planks, they began sawing away the supporting logs, the British firing on the men as they worked. Major Kelly, refusing to ask service he would himself not render, stood on the last log, cutting it away. Several balls entered the wood by his side, and finally the log broke and he was thrown into the swollen stream. His men, thinking he was lost, fled. Major Kelly escaped from the water, but his wet and frozen clothing prevented his escape from the enemy, and he was taken prisoner. To continue with Washington's letter; he writes:

We took two brass field-pieces, but for want of horses could not bring them away. We also took some blankets, shoes, and a few other trifling articles, burned the hay and destroyed such other things as the shortness of time would admit. My original plan, when I set out from Trenton, was to push on to Brunswick, but the harassed state of our troops, many of them having had no rest for two nights and a day, and the danger of

losing the advantage we had gained by aiming at too much induced me, by the advice of my officers, to relinquish the attempt; but, in my judgment, six or eight hundred fresh troops upon a forced march would have destroyed all their stores and magazines, taken (as we have since learned) their military chest, containing £70,000. and put an end to the war. The enemy, from the best intelligence I have been able to get, were so much alarmed at the apprehension of this that they marched immediately to Brunswick without halting, except at the bridges (for I also took up those on Millstone on the different routes to Brunswick), and got there before day.

From the best information I have received, General Howe has left no men either at Trenton or Princeton. The truth of this I am endeavoring to ascertain that I may regulate my movements accordingly. The militia are taking spirits, and, I am told, are coming in fast from this State; but I fear those from Philadelphia will scarcely submit to the hardships of a winter campaign much longer, especially as they very unluckily sent their blankets with their baggage to Burlington. I must do them the justice, however, to add that they have undergone more fatigue and hardship than I expected militia, especially citizens, would have done at this inclement season. I am just moving to Morristown, where I shall endeavor to put them under the best cover I can. Hitherto we have been without any, and many of our poor soldiers quite barefoot, and ill-clad in other respects. I have the honor to be, etc.

And here, at the close of January 3, 1894, we, descendants of those brave men of Revolutionary days, who fought for the liberty which is the crown of our glorious land, meet together and offer our words of praise and admiration for the heroic deeds of the officers and soldiers at that Battle of Princeton, fought one hundred and seventeen years ago to-day. Although we know of only one among our number who claims descent from a hero of this day, still all our ancestors were one with them in purpose and desire. All alike were laboring to put down oppression and set the people free; and on the graves of even the humblest we lay our wreaths in memory of that bravery and suffering which, conquering with the arm of Right, grants us the privilege of meeting here to-day as Daughters of the American Revolution.

MARY SCOTT BOYD,

*Historian Quassaick Chapter, D. A. R.*



## THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

THE immediate causes that preceded the Declaration of Independence, and subsequently the War of the Revolution, were the passage by the English Parliament of a number of acts destructive of colonial liberty. These were resisted by the Colonies. The subject of this unjust legislation was the inevitable question of taxation. That Parliament had the power to tax America few in England at that time seemed to doubt. The connection between England and her Colonies was essentially vague and undefined. Parliament had always assumed the right to regulate the external commerce of the Colonies, and even to prevent the growth of their domestic manufactures.

The conclusion of the French and Indian wars marked the beginning of a new controversy with America. In this brilliant contest just ended, in which England had made great exertions, though she had added extensive territories to her domain, it was at a proportionate increase of the public debt. To find the means of defraying this great debt was necessarily the first object of the government. Naturally, from their point of view, the rich American colonies should contribute to this liquidation. In the beginning of the year 1764 the first step was taken by the British government toward carrying out this policy by imposing duties upon certain articles of merchandise imported into the colonial ports. Notice was also given of imposing certain stamp duties, with a like purpose of revenue. The knowledge of these proceedings excited in America universal alarm, and respectful but decided remonstrances were sent to England from several of the Colonies. The Colonies denied the right of the British Parliament to tax them under their granted charters.

In spite of these remonstrances and those of the advocates of the validity of the position of the Colonies on this question of taxation in Parliament, the now celebrated Stamp Act, in 1765, was brought forward by the British ministers and pressed through that body. The storm was gathering. The attempt to enforce the Stamp Act met with so general and determined a resistance that the stamp officers in all the Colonies were compelled to re-

sign; nonimportation agreements were generally adopted, and even proceedings in the courts of law gave way to arbitration to avoid the use of the stamps. Society was almost at a standstill. Even marriage licenses were subject to the tax.

The protests of the Colonies became so threatening that before long these obnoxious laws were repealed; but the seed had been sown, soon to mature. The Colonies had been menaced, and, although England had yielded, the manner in which it had been done had not conciliated them. The controversy had the effect of making the struggle one of principle, and of preparing the colonists to resist any farther encroachment of the home government in taxation. The next few years passed quietly. In 1774 the British ministers again took up the subject of colonial taxation, and, to punish the colonists for their contumacy in refusing to permit the landing of a cargo of tea that had been sent to Boston loaded with a heavy duty, passed two acts. One of these acts was to close the port of Boston and remove the custom-house to Salem; the other placed the executive power, hitherto in the General Court, in the English government. From the enacting of the Boston Port Bill the Revolution dates. While ostensibly aimed against a single port, the injustice aroused the whole country with a spirit of indignation. The 1st of June, when the law went into force, was observed as a public fast day, and in many of the churches divine service was held to implore that the evils of civil war might be averted, and that the people should have one mind and one heart to oppose every invasion of their rights and liberties by the English government.

To oppose the new dangers it was resolved to convene a congress of delegates from the several Colonies. From this it was but a natural sequence to the resolution of June 7, 1776, declaring the independence of the United Colonies. From this resolution sprang the Declaration of Independence, which was unanimously adopted on July 4, 1776.

MARY BERTRAM WOODWORTH.

## THE FIRST OFFICIAL RESISTANCE TO THE BRITISH STAMP ACT.

[Paper read at the November meeting of Frederick Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, Frederick, Maryland.]

DURING my late visit to the beautiful White City—that city which stood fair as a dream upon the shore of Lake Michigan, and has so soon, alas! gone to be with all that has been—my attention was attracted by a large painting which hung in the department of Canada, in the Fine Arts Building. The catalogue gives the title “The Founding of Maryland, March 27, 1634;” the artist, H. Sandham, Boston, Massachusetts. Why it should hang in Canada I do not know; but I am sure every Marylander will understand and sympathize in the feelings with which I regarded it. There is shown the lovely little stream—the St. Marys River—flowing quietly on between green banks lined with stately trees. We fancy we can almost recognize the historic mulberry (a fragment of which, doubtless, all saw in our State Building at Jackson Park) under which the first mass was celebrated on these shores on Lady Day, the Feast of the Annunciation, 1634. In the distance the Ark and the Dove ride peacefully at anchor upon the broad bosom of the Potomac; nearer, hiding behind bushes or crouching on the ground, appear groups of startled natives, staring with wonder and alarm at the strange visitors who have so suddenly come among them. In the foreground, surrounded by his escort of “twenty gentlemen,” stands the majestic figure of Leonard Calvert, first royal Governor of this fair land, to which his brother, the Proprietary, in the exuberance of his loyal and grateful heart, had given, at His Gracious Majesty’s own request, the name of the Queen, Henrietta Maria, and called it Mary’s Land, for “Mary” was the name her royal husband best liked and ever used himself for the wife he so loved and honored.

As I gaze upon the canvas and note each detail, I ask myself, “Can that roll carried in Governor Calvert’s right hand be the charter granted by King Charles the First to his true and lov-

ing subject, Cecilius Calvert, second Baron of Baltimore and first Lord Proprietary of Maryland?" That wonderful charter! Never were such powers and privileges granted by a sovereign, and voluntarily granted, as were contained in it. First and greatest of all, absolute freedom of conscience and perfect liberty in religious worship—no proscription or persecution for opinion's sake—was guaranteed by its provisions. And these rights, remember, were granted by an Anglican monarch, that pure and gentle king, who went to the block himself rather than abate one jot or tittle he conceived due his church and crown; who, willing to give up his own life for conscience sake and his convictions, yet guaranteed, by that wonderful state paper, to his subjects of this province perfect freedom in religion. And to a faithful heart did the king commit this great trust. Governor Leonard Calvert was a Roman Catholic; his maxim was "Peace to all, proscription to none;" and Davis tells us, "Religious liberty was a vital part of the earliest common law of the province."

This charter erected Maryland into a palatinate, equivalent to a principality, and conferred upon the Lord Proprietary the power, "with the assent of the freemen of the province," to make all laws for their own government, to declare martial law, levy tolls and duties, establish courts of justice, appoint judges, magistrates, etc., and all the payment required was two Indian arrowheads yearly paid at Windsor Palace! All rights of English subjects were theirs, and the King bound himself and his successors to lay no taxes, customs, subsidies, or contributions whatever upon the people of the province, and in case of any such demand being made the charter expressly declared that this clause might "be pleaded as a discharge in full." Surely I do not err when I claim that such powers had never before been granted subjects nor such freedom enjoyed. Thus, on that far-off summer day, June 20, 1632, by virtue of her charter, Maryland obtained the right to be what she has since continued—a self-governed community, with the destinies of her citizens in their own hands. "Often attacked and at times held in abeyance, her charter was never revoked and was only cast off when the arbitrary power of England had violated its pledges and the people of Maryland, having outgrown their minority, were ready to take the sovereignty into their own hands."

"Maryland," says Chalmers, "has always enjoyed the unrivaled honor of being the first colony which was erected into a province of the English Empire and governed regularly by laws enacted in a provincial assembly." Mark the distinction between a "colony" and a "province." A "province" is a section of an empire and a part of it, possessing, subordinate to the empire, a certain independence of jurisdiction. From the beginning Maryland had her assemblies, who determined for themselves what laws should govern them, refusing to accept those they did not approve. Thus Maryland was practically free from the first, though she gladly owned and willingly paid her allegiance to her King, proud to be a liege subject of the King of England.

In the Acts of the Maryland Assembly of 1748, at chapter 15 will be found "An act to divide Prince George's County and to erect a new one, to be called Frederick County." Frederick: "Rich in peace." Such is the signification of the name, and surely no one who has looked upon the broad, fertile valleys and calm and gentle mountains which make up the surface of our county, presenting a succession of extensive and exquisite views of rich and highly cultivated fields and beautiful landscapes, but will agree that the name was singularly well chosen, albeit it was given by the Lord Proprietary in honor of his friend and prince, Frederick, Prince of Wales, after whom also his young son was called.

The first settlements in the new county were made by the English and Scotch, who came up from Lower Maryland; many others came from the British Isles direct, while still others, already in Pennsylvania and New York, attracted by the agricultural richness of the section—the county stands third in the United States for agricultural wealth—came down with their families and settled in the new county. Many of these were Germans, some natives of Alsace and Lorraine, who were attracted to our county, as were so many to the State at large, by the freedom of conscience guaranteed to all her citizens.

Some of the new settlers were evidently men of means; they took up large tracts of land from the Proprietary and established themselves and their families in vast manors and estates. So our county grew and prospered, a community of intelligent,

industrious, God-fearing, law-abiding people, trained in a knowledge of their duties and their rights under their charter—men whose sons knew too well what were their rights to tamely submit to the encroachments of the British Crown. Exemption from taxation by England was not only established by the express words of the charter, but had been the uninterrupted practice from the first settlement. When, therefore, at the close of Great Britain's war with France she attempted to fill her exhausted treasury by levying taxes upon her American colonies, Maryland not excepted, universal indignation was aroused, and when, in the spring of 1765, the Stamp Act was passed, the spirit of resistance awoke which never slept again.

William Pitt, the great, far-seeing statesman, strenuously opposed the tyrannical measure; he "scorned to take an unjust and ungenerous advantage of the colonies." Others were not so wise; they had the power, or thought they had, and so the act was passed:

Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad.

The Stamp Act was passed on the 22d day of March, 1765. On the 19th day of November of the same year the Frederick County court met for its regular session. The court at that time was composed of twelve members. If we may judge of the personnel of that court by the men who have been elevated to the bench since the days of our independence, and surely we may, they were the very flower of the community; men conspicuous for intelligence, education, and integrity; substantial citizens; men who had all to lose; not hot heads, not agitators, not irresponsible adventurers. These men, born and nurtured among the free hills of Western Maryland—at that time Frederick County comprised the whole of Western Maryland—drinking in the love of constitutional liberty with every breath of her mountain air, accustomed to think for themselves, met for the discharge of the duties of their office. The act provided that "all bills, bonds, leases, notes, ship's papers, insurance policies, and all legal documents to be valid in the courts must be written on stamped paper." What an alternative! Either the hated stamps must be used or all the business of the county must come to a standstill. What responsibility for these judges!

But they were equal to it. It is the province of the legislative body to enact the laws, of the executive to enforce them, of the judicial to define them—that is, to pronounce what are legally constitutional laws—and so make them operative. A law passed by a body which has not the law-making power is not a law and cannot be enforced. In the twentieth section of the charter of Maryland the King of England had renounced any right he might ever have possessed to make any law by which Maryland could be taxed, having “pledged and bound himself and his heirs and successors forever that at no time would they impose or cause to be imposed any impositions, customs, or other taxations, quotas, or contributions whatsoever upon the residents or inhabitants of the province aforesaid for their goods, lands, and tenements within the said province.” “All incomes from taxes which were imposed by the Proprietary and the people were for the use of the Proprietary and the good government of the province;” none, you will observe, for the benefit of Great Britain. So it was clearly against all legal right that England sought to tax us; but her power in the land was supreme; she was strong, we were weak; she passed the act and ordered its enforcement. All over the country excitement and indignation prevailed; protests and memorials poured into the British ministry; but in vain. They turned deaf ears. This was eleven years before the Declaration of Independence. There was as yet no thought of concerted action and resistance to British authority; but while Franklin and others remonstrated and presented petitions, this Frederick County tribunal acted for itself.

FREDERICK COUNTY, ss :

Anno Domini 1765. At a county court of the Right Honorable Frederick, absolute Lord and Proprietary of the Province of Maryland and Avalon, Lord Baron of Baltimore, &c., held in Frederick Town, in and for said county, on the third Tuesday and nineteenth day of November, in the fifteenth year of his said Lordship's dominion, &c.

Present : The Worshipful Thomas Beatty, Peter Bainbridge, William Luckett, Charles Jones, David Lynn, Thomas Price, James Dickson, William Blair, Samuel Beall, Josiah Beall, Andrew Huegh, and Joseph Smith, gentlemen, justices of his said Lordship's commission in and for the said county aforesaid, lawfully authorized and assigned. George Murdock, gentleman, sheriff. John Darnall, clerk.



This court met and consulted; on the fifth day of its session the following order was passed and recorded:

By Frederick County November court, anno Domini 1765, ordered that the following resolutions and opinion be recorded:

Upon application of Michael Ashford Dowdson, bail of James Veatch, at the suit of a certain Stephen West, to surrender the said James Veatch in discharge of himself, which the court ordered to be done and an entry of the surrender to be made accordingly; which John Darnall, clerk of the court, refused to make; and having also refused to issue any process out of his office or to make the necessary entries of the court proceedings, alleging that he conceives there was an act of Parliament imposing stamp duties on all legal proceedings, and therefore that he cannot safely proceed in exercising his office without proper stamps—

It is the *unanimous* resolution and opinion of this court that all the business thereof shall and ought to be transacted in the usual and accustomed manner, without any inconvenience or delay to be occasioned from the want of stamped paper, parchment, or vellum, and that all proceedings shall be valid and effectual *without* the use of stamps, and they enjoin and order all sheriffs, clerks, counsellors, attorneys, and all officers of the court to proceed in their several avocations as usual.

There was no uncertain note here, all was clear and plain; but the clerk was still timorous. He realized the tremendous issue involved and feared to obey the order of the court; so the court ordered that—

John Darnall, clerk of this court, be committed to the custody of the sheriff of this county for a contempt of the authority of this court, he having refused to comply with the aforesaid order of this court relative to the execution of his office in issuing process and making the necessary entries of the court's proceedings, and that he stand committed for the above offence until he complies with the above-mentioned order.

It is difficult for us of this day, having lived always in the full enjoyment of freedom under the law and protection by the law, to realize the enormous resolution required to take this determined stand; and, remember, it was not the act of any one man or of two or three, but of twelve men. The order is unanimous, clear-sighted, and courageous. They surely had the courage of their convictions, and courage their course required. Each man knew well he lay himself open to the charge of treason; knew his head might pay the price of his utterance; but not one swerved; though shameful death might be theirs they would not go to their graves dishonored. They knew Great Britain had no right to tax their State, and they dared uphold

and maintain their rights; and so they repudiated the act and ignored its provisions. Calmly, deliberately, and openly they acted; though the county was filled with king's officers, eager and ready to arrest in the king's name, these judges, having decided upon this course, sought not to screen themselves. There is no shirking of responsibility; each name is written in full upon the records of the court; there they are for all time. Surely each name should be engraven in letters of gold upon some indestructible page, or, better still, in each patriotic heart and memory!

Poor John Darnall! Between his fear of the king's officers and his determined superiors, he fared badly. However, he purged himself of contempt, and the record reads:

John Darnall having submitted to obey the order of this court in regard to the due execution of his office, the sheriff is ordered to release him out of custody, he paying charges.

And so the authority of the Frederick County court was vindicated, and its business went on without the use of stamped paper.

We hear of these men again. In the long, troubled years that followed they were active and prominent in the patriot cause—"Sons of Liberty," members of committees, members of councils, and then in the forefront of the little army that wrested from that great and powerful nation over the seas the liberty with which we are to-day blessed.

May it be the pious task, as it is the duty, of the Daughters of the American Revolution to clear away the accumulations and the oblivions of years and to bring to light and honor the names and deeds of those heroes who have been partially forgotten; for when that order was passed the first blow for constitutional liberty in this land was struck—and it was struck by the Frederick County judiciary!

BETTY HARRISON MAULSBY RITCHIE.

# WHAT WE ARE DOING.

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## OLD GLORY—FAIREST OF FLAGS.

It is safe to say that in no city of this Union was the anniversary of the adoption of the Stars and Stripes as the emblem of liberty more universally observed than in the Capital of the United States.

In no other city does the old flag represent more to its citizens; and every heart beat with patriotic pride on the morning of June 14 to see, not only on every public building and every schoolhouse, but on business houses and residences, our flag floating in the breeze.

Men and women wore tiny flags over their hearts, and hundreds of children joyously bore the Stars and Stripes to school.

Patriotic exercises were held in many of the school buildings, and the old lesson of love of country was stamped with a new inspiration.

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THE 14th of June, 1777, fell on Saturday. On that day a resolution was passed by the American Congress which reads as follows:

*Resolved*, That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white, in a blue field, representing a new constellation.

It is this official act in memory of which the Daughters and Sons of the American Revolution have made efforts to have observed. Each recurring 14th of June will see the emblem of liberty in other towns and hamlets floating from the house-tops until Old Glory shall send its signal from the rising sun down to the sunset sea, and every heart in this free land unite in this sentiment:

I have seen the glories of art and architecture and mountain and river;  
I have seen the sunset on Jungfrau and the full moon rise over Mont

Blanc; but the fairest vision on which these eyes ever looked was the flag of my country in a foreign land. Beautiful as a flower to those who love it, terrible as a meteor to those who hate it, it is the symbol of the power and glory and the honor of fifty millions of Americans.

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### WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS, DOBBS FERRY.

ON the spot where Washington and the Count de Rochambeau planned the final campaign which brought independence to our country the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution gathered on June 14 to lay the foundation stone of a monument in memory of those events and of those who participated in them.

Here was planned the campaign against Yorktown and here is where the first salute to the flag of the United States was fired by a British man-of-war.

About 2,000 people were present while Chauncey M. Depew, President of the Sons of the American Revolution, laid the foundation stone for the monument.

The monument will stand in a semicircular plot by the roadside, near the quaint old Livingston mansion, which is pointed out as Washington's headquarters. It is to be a plain granite shaft, ten feet in height, and having upon its outward face this inscription:

#### WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS.

Here, August 14, 1781, Washington planned the Yorktown campaign, which brought to a triumphant end the war for American independence.

Here, May 6, 1783, Washington and Sir Guy Carleton arranged for the evacuation of American soil by the British, and opposite this point, May 8, 1783, a British sloop-of-war fired seventeen guns in honor of the American Commander-in-chief, the first salute by Great Britain to the United States of America.

Erected June 14, 1894, by the New York State Society, Sons of the American Revolution.

After the band had played the national anthem and a salute from the men-of-war had echoed over the water, the company moved to the porch of the mansion and the literary exercises took place. There were an invocation by Archdeacon Tiffany, an address of welcome by Hon. D. O. Bradley, chairman of the

citizens, which was responded to by Colonel John C. Calhoun; a speech presenting the plot of ground by Dr. Hasbrouck, and its acceptance by Mr. Depew. Then Vice-President Stevenson spoke as follows:

THE VICE-PRESIDENT'S REMARKS.

I can hope to add but little to the interest of this great occasion by any words I may utter. This day and this hour belong to history. We stand, indeed, upon historic ground. Here on the banks of the majestic Hudson we lay the corner-stone of a monument which will commemorate great events of the Revolution. This monument will mark the spot where the respective commanders of the British and American armies arranged amicable terms at the close of the great struggle for the withdrawal of all hostile troops from our borders. At that self-same hour, upon the opposite bank of the Hudson, a British sloop-of-war fired seventeen guns in honor of the great American chieftain. More than that, it was the first official recognition, by military salute, by one of the greatest to the latest born sovereign nation.

The monument, whose corner-stone we lay at this hour, will mark the spot where occurred one of the greatest events of our colonial struggle. Washington, abandoning all hope of a successful attack upon the city of New York, upon the identical spot where we have now assembled, on the 14th day of August, 1781, planned the southern campaign, whose objective point was the peninsula of Virginia, the fruits of which were the surrender of Cornwallis to the American and French armies at Yorktown, the establishment of colonial independence, and the introduction of the Government of the United States into the family of nations.

What wonderful results have followed the conference at this spot between Washington and the French admiral one hundred and thirteen years ago.

This is, indeed, Mr. President, the fitting day for the observance of the interesting ceremonies you have inaugurated. The 14th day of June—the anniversary of the adoption by the Colonial Congress of the Stars and Stripes as our national symbol—is the appropriate day for the laying of the corner-stone of a monument which is to commemorate events which are so closely linked with our struggle for independence and which make up so important a part of the warp and woof of our revolutionary history.

It is well that to the descendants of the heroes of our colonial struggle has been committed the patriotic task of erecting this monument. The important service of this hour is not the least of the patriotic services which have brought luster to the honored "Sons of the American Revolution."

The members of this society, whose blood is that of Revolutionary heroes, are charged with the grateful task of garnering up for history the glorious deeds of illustrious sires. It is theirs to keep brightly burning

the fires upon our patriotic altars ; to inculcate the sacred love of country ; to teach our American youth that upon this world's theater have never appeared grander or manlier men than Washington and his compeers, and that the highest title they can wear is that of American citizen.

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It was a beautiful service that the Daughters of the Mercy Warren Chapter instituted on Memorial Day. It was the decoration of the neglected and forgotten graves of Revolutionary heroes, whose very headstones were weary of the thankless task of telling the simple story of those who lie beneath the sod, and had lain down the burden broken, cracked, disintegrated by the heat and frosts of a century's years. Nature, in her effort to add her tribute to their memory, by many decorations all her own, made the task of restoration even more difficult. The descendants of these men, whose very names are almost forgotten—that sacrificed all that they might not leave their Daughters and Sons without a country—have marked these graves, and on Memorial Day a delegation of four of the Daughters and four of the Sons took laurel wreaths, tied with buff and blue ribbons (Colonial colors), and decorated the graves of twenty-one Revolutionary soldiers.

A wreath of purple beech, tied with buff and blue ribbons, with streams of red, white, and blue, was placed by the Mercy Warren Chapter on the Soldiers' Monument in Court square.

The Springfield Republican published a full account of the ceremonies, together with the names of those participating, and also many incidents, " quaint and sad," of the old historic days. Will not other Chapters emulate the gracious service inaugurated by the Mercy Warren Chapter ?

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A FULL account of the planting of the Liberty Tree in San Francisco (with an illustration) by the Sequoia Chapter will appear in the August number.

## ANCESTRY.

MRS. GEORGE A. LAWRENCE,

CHARTER MEMBER D. A. R.

AMONG the threescore ladies who met on the morning of the anniversary of Washington's birthday, 189-, in Sherry's parlors, New York City, and organized the New York City Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and so became charter members of the National Society, was Mrs. George A. Lawrence, of New York City, a direct descendant of three Revolutionary soldiers and of a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Mrs. Lawrence (born Charlotte Louise Cooley) was the daughter of Randolph Morgan Cooley and Maria Louise Stevenson. Randolph Morgan Cooley, her father, was a merchant of New York City, in the San Francisco shipping trade, who had the distinction of losing a ship by the depredations of the "Alabama" (afterwards paid for, with the rest, by Great Britain). Her mother was a daughter of Colonel Jonathan Drake Stevenson, a "forty-niner" and commandant of the New York regiment which first reached California in that crucial year, sailing around the cape one thousand strong. Randolph Morgan Cooley was the son of John Bliss Cooley and Persis Morgan, his wife, who was the daughter of Major Abner Morgan, of the Fourth Regiment Massachusetts Line, Continental troops, of the Army of Canada, which joined General Gates and participated in the battles of Bemis Heights and Stillwater, and was present at the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga. After the surrender Colonel Porter, commanding the Fourth Regiment of the Massachusetts Line, was selected to escort General Burgoyne as a prisoner of war to Boston, and Major Morgan was left in command of the regiment, which afterwards marched to join Washington's immediate command in the Jerseys. Major Abner Morgan's wife, Persis, was the daughter of Sergeant David Morgan, of Captain Joseph Hoar's company of Colonel Gideon Burt's regiment of the Massachusetts Line, in the Revolutionary Army,





MRS. GEORGE A. LAWRENCE,  
CHARTER MEMBER DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.



Mrs. Lawrence is thus the great-granddaughter of two veterans of the Revolution through her grandmother alone.

Her paternal grandfather, John Bliss Cooley, was the grandson of Colonel Jonathan Bliss, of Longmeadow, Massachusetts, who served with distinction in the Army of the Revolution, and thus Mrs. Lawrence is the great-great-granddaughter of an officer in the Revolution.

Again, Mrs. Lawrence's mother (born Maria Louise Stevenson) was Caroline Ryder, daughter of Mrs. Joseph T. Ryder, who was a daughter of Roger Sherman, a member of the Continental Congress from Connecticut from 1775 to 1789 and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776.

Mrs. Lawrence is delicate in person and features, low-voiced and gentle in manners, and is adored by a large circle of acquaintances and by her children, of whom she has five—a son, Randolph Morgan Lawrence, and four daughters.

Mrs. Lawrence resides during the summer months at her country home, Westfield, New Jersey, which is a short and delightful drive from the old battle-field of Springfield, where her ancestor, Major Morgan, was with General Greene on the eventful morning of the 23d day of June, 1780, when General Kuyp-hausen's Hessians came over from Staten Island five thousand strong to destroy Washington's stores at Morristown, but failed to obtain General Greene's permission to get further than Springfield.

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#### FAITH ROBINSON TRUMBULL.

FAITH ROBINSON was the daughter of the Rev. John Robinson, of Duxbury, Massachusetts, and the great-granddaughter of the famous John Robinson, who stood at the head of the first Pilgrim emigration to the New World. She was born in 1718. She was married December 9, 1735, to Jonathan Trumbull, who, in 1769, became Governor of the Connecticut Colony. At the time of her marriage she was a bright, charming girl of seventeen years of age. Their first child, a son, born in 1737, was baptized Joseph, and died during the Revolutionary contest, while in the service. Another son, David, was

born in 1751, and he also served as commissary for the armies of the Revolution under his brother Joseph.

John Trumbull was born at Lebanon, Connecticut, June 6, 1756, and died at New York City, November 10, 1843. He graduated from Harvard College when only seventeen years of age and soon after joined the Provincial Army, where he served honorably as aide-de-camp to Washington. In 1780 he went to London for instructions in painting. This son of Faith Trumbull was destined to become through his pencil the world-renowned historiographer of the great events and characters, civil and military, of the struggle in which he himself bore a conspicuous part. He executed the four paintings placed in the Capitol at Washington, commemorative of the most important events of the American Revolution: (1) The Declaration of Independence; (2) Surrender of the British to the American Forces at Saratoga; (3) The Surrender of the British to the American Forces at Yorktown; and (4) The Resignation of General Washington at Annapolis.

Faith Trumbull was eminent for her decision of character and for her patriotism. To this Revolutionary struggle, in harmony with her husband, she devoted herself with unflagging enthusiasm. It was a cause she earnestly loved, and she was ever busy arousing charities and superintending contributions for the suffering soldiers; stimulating associations among her own sex to provide them with clothing, and sending them the encouragement of kind words and grateful compliments.

After the Sunday service, contributions were often taken for the army. Upon one such occasion, in Lebanon meeting-house, Madam Trumbull rose from her seat near her husband, threw from her shoulders a magnificent scarlet cloak (a present to her from the Commander-in-chief of the French allied army, Count Rochambeau himself), and, advancing, laid it on the altar as her offering to those who, in the midst of every want and suffering, were fighting bravely for freedom. This cloak was afterwards cut into narrow strips and used to decorate the uniforms of the soldiers. The act was one of peculiar generosity. It shed an instant luster on her patriotism, and her example was contagious. From all parts of the house donations were at

once showered and many baskets were filled to overflowing, the contents being carefully packed and sent to the army. One boy brought a pair of boots; a small girl, a shawl; another boy, a cheese; a young lady took a ring from her ear and contributed that.

Faith Trumbull died at the age of sixty-two years, from a dropsical affection, which for some time had impaired her health. She was buried in the family vault at Lebanon, Connecticut. The following is her epitaph :

Sacred to the memory of Madam Faith Trumbull, the amiable lady of Governor Trumbull. Born at Duxbury, Mass., A. D. 1718. Happy and beloved in her connubial state, she lived a virtuous, charitable, and Christian life at Lebanon, in Connecticut, and died, lamented by numerous friends, A. D. 1780, aged 62 years.

#### STEPHEN GANO.

In the April, 1893, number of *THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE* an article upon John Gano was published, being extracts from his life or journal, written for his children. Before me lies a manuscript, yellow with age, written by Stephen Gano, son of John Gano. This manuscript is a narrative of stirring events which occurred during his life, and was written for his children, and a granddaughter of one of those children is proud and glad to rewrite the story for other daughters of other heroes:

PROVIDENCE, *April 11, 1825.*

MY DEAR CHILDREN: Having been requested to give you a narrative of my life, upon reflection I have concluded to do so. This subject has occurred to my mind at different times, while a powerful obstacle has arisen in the fear that no real good would result from such a sketch, as it would only develop what would more or less enter into any man's history. However, I now comply from a desire to gratify the feelings of dear and affectionate children, with the hope that some portion of my varied and checkered life may be the means of exciting your confidence in a gracious and wise Providence, which has hitherto supplied and supported me. I am a regular descendant of the Huguenots or Protestants of France. I was born in the city of New York on the 25th day of December, A. D. 1762. My honored father was the pastor of the only Baptist Church in the city at that time, in which he continued to remain until A. D. 1788,

excepting the time of the Revolutionary struggle, when he accepted an appointment as chaplain in the American Army, which station he filled with reputation until the termination of the contest.

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Being sent to school quite young, I continued with little or no interruption until the age of thirteen, and, so far as one can judge of his own proficiency, sustained a mediocrity. My dear father directed my early studies toward a college life, but the troubles of the war and other intervening causes prevented my going through a regular classical course, and at the early age of thirteen years I was placed with my maternal uncle (Dr. Stiles) for the purpose of a medical education, my father accompanying me to my new abode, Cranberry, New Jersey. On the way we called on my father's mother, who was eminently pious and had reached more than fourscore years. On first seeing me, she bade me kneel beside her, and, gently placing her aged hand on my youthful head, she offered up a fervent petition for my salvation. I cannot but hope that this and other prayers have been answered. Having entered upon a new scene of duty and in a new situation, I was as closely occupied as my juvenile mind would permit. My uncle was an able physician and was very strict in enforcing such instructions as were important in the profession I had chosen. I continued my medical studies until nearly seventeen years of age.

The Revolutionary War had existed from the time of commencing the study of physic, and my father had been appointed chaplain in the Army, and was stationed at Fort Montgomery, where he remained until the fort was taken by storm. Webb and Hall, Dubosque and Clinton, with Washington, were friends my father duly appreciated, and highly did they esteem him for his warm and zealous adherence to the righteous cause of American freedom.

No wonder, then, that my young heart beat high with the flame of Liberty! Anxiously longing to participate in the direful struggles of my country, I visited my mother. In the neighborhood some young men were forming themselves into a volunteer company, and with her permission I joined them. Being absent some little time to make needful arrangements, I found, on my return home, a mother's own hands had provided the young surgeon's necessary equipments, and as she buckled on my regimentals she said, "My son, may God preserve your life and your patriotism; the one may fall a sacrifice in retaking and preserving the home of your childhood, but never let me hear that you have forfeited the birthright of a freeman!" And without a tear she saw me depart, bidding me trust in God and be valiant! Such was the heroism of mothers in those dark days.

In the evening we marched for Danbury and the next morning saw the town in flames. Here a scattering and desultory engagement took place, and here, for the first time, I saw a battle. In June, 1779, I was ex-

amined by the surgeon-general and received an appointment in Colonel Lamb's regiment as surgeon's mate, and before the year expired the entire charge of the regiment was committed to my care, during which time I experienced great exposures and privations. In one of our marches we might have been traced by the blood on the snow from our feet. A large supply of shoes and other needful clothing met us in Philadelphia, having been provided in France by General Lafayette. My situation was doubly trying—alike, with the officers and men, we all suffered; but my trials were enhanced by daily calls to witness the want of suitable nourishment and medicine for the sick and wounded.

In August, 1780, I resigned and went to Philadelphia and entered on board the privateer schooner "L'Insurgent," and in the course of two or three weeks was driven on the Jersey shore by the British frigate. I lost everything but what I had on my back. From thence I walked forty miles and fell in with a Captain Mariner, and went with him again to Philadelphia, and entered on board of a whale vessel, coasting along the Jersey shore until driven by a British boat into Brunswick. Then again I went to Philadelphia and entered as a surgeon on board of a new brig, called the "St. Patrick," commanded by Decatur, for whom I have ever cherished a peculiar regard. A braver man never trod the deck of any vessel. He was the father of our late Commodore Decatur. We sailed on a letter of marque to St. Domingo, and on our return passage were chased by a Bermudian and run on a reef of rocks, which unhung our rudder and we were taken. Finding escape impossible, we managed to cut away her leaders and nailed our flag to the mast, and long after we were captured our Stars and Stripes floated over her deck. After our brave and desperate resistance, when we were taken, nature so demanded rest that I rolled myself in a blanket on the deck and laid myself beside a quiet sleeper, as I supposed, and knew not till I awoke that a dead body had been my companion.

Thirty-four of us were put on shore at Turk's Island without provisions, to perish with hunger, and there, from fatigue, famine, and exposure, some died. I became sick and so low that my companions tied a bandage about my loins for support. Finding some conches, they made a fire and roasted them; they then raised my fainting head from the sand beach and fed me with some portion of the liquor, revived exhausted nature, saying, "Live, Gano! take this and live, and we will beat the British yet!" Feeding mostly on conches, we were enabled to preserve life to endure greater trials, and after some days seized upon a boat, called a "man-of-war's barge," with a deck just raised. In her we ran down to Cape François. Upon landing without any means, I begged a morsel of bread from door to door for several hours, until at length a female gave me half a loaf. This I shared with some of my less successful companions. May my children never forget this when the poor and needy ask bread! The next day I was obliged to work as a common sailor, loading a vessel with salt. We remained here some ten days,



when I got a passage in an armed brig bound for Philadelphia. When out four days I was taken again and carried into New Providence, where I was put on board a prison-ship. Here my sufferings from hunger, chains, and cruelty cannot be told.

As an evidence of these galling chains and the cruelty with which they were used my great-grandfather bore a scar around his ankle, with a deep indentation just above the ankle-joint, to the day of his death; and when bathing his feet he used to remark, as he placed his finger in the sunken scar :

I was chained with a fellow-prisoner, and we were driven together to work like oxen. Long after my release I feared my ankle would never heal.

The narrative continues :

Our provisions were nauseous and tainted, and we had but a scanty supply even of them. A black fellow from New York who had known my father's family, hearing my name called, came to the hold and asked, "Is it Massa Johnny or Massa Stephen?" He brought me daily some part of his allowance and a pipe and tobacco, telling me its sickness would allay hunger. In the early part of December I was exchanged. As we were preparing for an exchange of prisoners, a noble young Irishman, who had fought bravely for his adopted country, despairingly said, "Oh, Doctor, my speech will betray my birthplace; I shall be pressed and most likely be flogged to death before night!" I replied, "Keep up bravely; stand next to me when we are called on deck, and say, 'My father is a stocking-weaver in Germantown,' etc."

They first questioned me. I provokingly said, "And what will ye give to know?" thus continuing to answer until I found the officer sufficiently irritated; then, bracing myself in an attitude of defiance, looking him full in the face, said: "My name is Gano; my birthplace New York, where my father was pastor of the only Baptist church until his people were driven from the city by the British, when he became chaplain in our Yankee army. French blood runs in my veins. My mother's milk nourished the spirit of a freeman, and my medical education enables me to know how to treat a captured and wounded enemy."

By this time my stocking-weaver's son's prompt and respectful replies gave him the "go by," though joy and gratitude blanched his cheek and served to weaken limbs that had firmly faced the roaring cannon. I very soon measurably recovered my strength, but never recovered my hair, which had been unusually full and black. An entire baldness since then has compelled me ever to use a wig.

Again I returned to Philadelphia, about the middle of January, perfectly destitute, when a wealthy aged lady, a particular friend of my parents, insisted upon my going to her house, and generously provided

me with money and apparel. Thus by the latter end of February I was enabled to join my father's family, to their no small astonishment, they having heard that I was among those who had died on a desolate island by starvation.

My mother never believed the report. When she heard it she said, "I do not believe that Stephen is dead. When I gave my son to his country I gave him to my God. After his departure I felt an assurance that God had accepted the gift for His own service." Though months rolled away before my return, she was never known to despond. Our meeting was one of great joy and thankfulness. Remaining home some time, with recruited health, I entered on the practice of physic in Orangetown, then called Tappan, New York. In 1782 I married Miss Cornelia Vavasour, only child of Captain Josiah Vavasour.

I continued—

Here the narrative ends.

In the year 1783 my great-grandfather decided to enter the ministry and was ordained by the First Baptist Church of New York, of which his father was pastor.

He was called in 1793 to take charge of the First Baptist Church in Providence, Rhode Island, where he remained until his death, in 1828, a successful pastorate of thirty-five years. An able jurist has said :

When we consider Dr. Gano's early and surprising developments, having an extensive and very successful medical practice from his seventeenth to his twenty-third year, and his latest still successful efforts in the sacred profession of his better choice, after forty years of active ministration at God's holy altar, we may not feel surprised that the precocious boy only matured the man of no common capacity and acquirements, while his truthfulness, from early life until its close, marked the stamp of his moral worth upon all his intercourse with society ; and it was not a solitary expression in courts of justice, where Gano was known by different persons, to vouch for a given statement by saying, "It is as true as if Dr. Gano had said it."

His letters written to his "dear children" are very interesting, and show that love for his God, love for his family, and love for his native land was the ruling motive of his life.

In a letter written in January, 1808, he says :

Your visit to the tomb of the great and illustrious Washington must have filled your mind with indescribable emotions. As I passed it last spring on the Potomac to Alexandria, I recalled many ancient scenes. Should war be the fate of this country, may we have a second like him to lead a people so highly favored of heaven to honor and happiness.

An extract from his funeral sermon, preached on August 20, 1828, by the Rev. Daniel Sharp, of Boston, says :

He was ever ready at the call of the sons and daughters of affliction, although they might be friendless and poor and dwelling in the obscure retreats of vice and wretchedness. When the pestilence that walketh in darkness and rageth at noonday made desolate many of your dwellings it can never be forgotten by some of you that he not only administered medicine to the poor, who were diseased, but personally tended them when, through fear, they were forsaken by their neighbors and friends. While living he received the blessing of many who were ready to perish, and now that he is dead we will treasure up the memory of his virtues as a precious legacy designed for our good.

CORNELIA VAVASOUR WASHBURN.

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MRS. GEORGIA H. STOCKTON HATCHER,

REGENT OF THE GENERAL DE LAFAYETTE CHAPTER, OF  
LAFAYETTE, INDIANA,

Whose portrait appears on the opposite page, was born in that city July 11, 1864, and is of New Jersey Revolutionary stock. In 1883 she graduated from the Moravian Seminary for Young Ladies, at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, which is the oldest institution of the kind in this country, the school having been turned into a soldiers' hospital during the Revolution.

In 1889 she became the wife of Mr. Robert Stockwell Hatcher, of Lafayette, and after a long residence in France and other European countries, returned to her native city.

Mrs. Hatcher was commissioned as Chapter Regent by the National Board June 1, 1893, and on April 21, 1894, she organized the General de Lafayette Chapter, at Lafayette, Indiana, which is in a flourishing condition, with a membership of twenty-seven enthusiastic Daughters.



MRS. GEORGIA H. STOCKTON HATCHER,  
REGENT, GENERAL DE LAFAYETTE CHAPTER, LAFAYETTE, INDIANA.



## Old Letters and History of Firesides.

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JOURNAL OF SARAH WINSLOW DEMING, 1775.

TO NIECE SALLY COVERLY.

The following journal was written by Mrs. John Deming, of Boston, the daughter of John Winslow and Sarah Pierce. Mrs. Deming was born August 22, 1722, and died March 10, 1788:

MY DEAR NIECE:

I engaged to give you & by you your papa and mamma some account of my peregrinations with the reasons thereof. The *cause* is too well known to need a word upon it.

I was very unquiet from the moment I was informed that *more troops* were coming to Boston. 'Tis true that those who had wintered there had not given us *much molestation*, but an *additional strength* I dreaded, and determined if possible to get out of their reach, and to take with me as much of my little interest as I could. Your uncle Deming was very far from being of my mind, from which has proceeded those difficulties which peculiarly related to myself—but I now say not a word of this to him; we are joint sufferers, and no doubt it is God's will it should be so.

Many a time have I thought that could I be out of Boston, together with my family and my friends, I could be content with the meanest fare and slenderest accomodation. Out of Boston, out of Boston at almost any rate—away as far as possible from the infection of small pox & the din of drums & martial musick, as it is called, and horrors of war—but my distress is not to be described—I attempt not to describe it.

On Saturday, the 15th April p. m., I had a visit from Mr. Barren. I never saw him with such a countenance.

The Monday following, April 17, I was told that all the boats belonging to the men of war were launched on Saturday night

while the town inhabitants were sleeping, except some faithful watchmen who gave the intelligence. In the evening Mr. Deming wrote to Mr. Withington of Dorchester to come over with his carts the very first fair day (the evening of *this* day promising rain on the next, which accordingly fell in plenty) to carry off our best goods.

On Tuesday evening, 18 April, we were informed that the companies above mentioned were in motion, that the men of war boats were rowed round to Charlestown ferry, Barton's Point and bottom of ye common, that the soldiers were run thro the streets on tip toe (the moon not having risen) in the dark of ye evening; that there were a number of handcuffs in one of the boats, which were taken at the long wharf, & that two days' provision had been cooked for 'em on board one of the transport ships lying in ye harbor. That whatever other business they might have, the main was to take possession of the bodies of Mess. Adams & Hancock whom they & we knew where they were lodged. We had no doubt of the truth of all this, and that expresses were sent forth both over the Neck & Charlestown ferry to give our friends timely notice that they might escape. N. B.—I did not git to bed this night till after 12 o'clock, nor to sleep till long after that, and then my sleep was much broken as it had been for many nights before.

Early on Wednesday, the fatal 19th April, before I had quited my chamber, one after another came running to tell me that the king's troops had fired upon & killed 8 of our neighbors at Lexington in their way to Concord.

All the intelligence of this day was dreadful. Almost every countenance expressing anxiety and distress: but description fails here. I went to bed about 12 o. c. this night, having taken but little food thro the day, having resolved to quit the town before the next setting sun, should life and limbs be spared me. Towards morning I fell into a profound sleep, from which I was waked by Mr. Deming between 6 and 7 o. c. informing me that I was Gen. Gage's prisoner all egress & regress being cut off between the town and the country. Here again description fails. No words can paint my distress. I feel it at this instant (just eight weeks after) so sensibly that I must pause before I proceed.



This was Thursday, 20th April. About 9 o. c. a. m. I was told the way over the Neck was opened for foot passengers but no carriage was permitted to cross the lines. I then determined to try if *my feet* would support me thro, tho I trembled to such a degree that I could scarce keep my feet in my own chamber, had taken no sustenance for the day & very sick at my stomach. I tyed up a few things in my handkerchief, put on my cloak & was just setting out upon my march with Sally & Lucinda [Sallie her niece, Lucinda her slave servant] when I was told that carriages were allowed to pass. By this time I was so faint that I was obliged to sit down. Mr. Scollay, Mrs. Sweetser and who else I remember not, advised me to stay where I was, reconing Boston the safest place for me, but I had no faith in their opinion. I had been told that Boston would be an Alceldama as soon as the fresh troops arrived, which Mr. Barron had told me were expected every minute. I therefore besought Mr. Deming to get a carriage for me. I had then heard that carriages were permitted to pass and carry me off with my frightened girls, and set me down anywhere out of Boston. He went out forth and over awhile & returned and told me there was not a carriage or another to be got for love or money : ah can any one that has not felt it know my sensation ? Surely no. Mr. D. threw himself into the easy chair & said he had not strength enough to move another step. I expected to see Sally fall into hysterick fitts every minute, Lucinda holding herself up by any thing she could grasp. I bid her however git us some elixir drops & when we had taken it in a little wine mixed with water which happened to be boiling I prayed Mr. D. once more to let us try to get off on foot. He said he would presently & see me out but positively he would come back again. There is no describing my sensations. *This moment* I thot the *crisis*, the *very crisis*. I had not walked out at the top of the Court since last October. I went down and out to the edge of the street where I saw and spoke with several friends near as unhappy as myself, in a few moments the light of a chaise, which I engaged to take me off when it returned from Roxbury where it was going with women and children, this somewhat lightened me. Before this chaise returned Mr. Deming engaged another & while we were waiting I might have packed up many necessities but nobody had any business

that day—there was a constant coming and going; each hindered the other : some new piece of soldier barbarity that had been perpetrated the day before, was in quick—— [Here ends the narrative.—ED.]

### THE REMEMBRANCER.

PUBLISHED IN LONDON 1777.

PHILADELPHIA, *August 21st, 1776.*

Last Saturday, George Morgan arrived here from the westward. Whilst at one of the Shawanese towns on the Scioto, he received intelligence of three of the Six Nation warriors having passed by there with two prisoners taken sixteen days before from Virginia. Mr. Morgan followed, and got to their town before them, and prevented the usual punishment of the prisoners upon their entry, and insisted upon their being immediately given up, unless they intended this breach of peace as a declaration of war. All the head men of the Six Nations, Shawanese, and Delawares were called together, and behaved very friendly. The prisoners were given up to Mr. Morgan. They were twin sons of Mr. McConnel, late of Pennsylvania, who removed last winter to Lees Town, on Kentuke River.

Mr. Morgan brought them to Pittsburgh, and gave them to their uncle in Westmoreland County. Since this affair a small party of the Shawanese returning from the Cherokee Country, scalped two persons near Big-stone Lick. A treaty is to be held at Pittsburgh with the Western nations the beginning of October.

NOTE.—This was very characteristic of Colonel Morgan. He had more influence with the Indians than any one in Pennsylvania.

Contributed by— MARY O'HARA DARLINGTON,  
*Historian of the Pittsburg Chapter, D. A. R.*

WASHINGTON, *Aug't 23d, 1845.*

MY PRECIOUS FRIEND:

I received your valued letter from the hand of my kind Mrs. Washington and soon after took my pen to greet you with thanks for it, but the heat admonished me to wait a cooler moment when I might be better able to express my feelings on its

perusal, but as yet it has "been a vain waiting at the waters edge."

I hope you found your dear daughter in good health—as well as that estimable son, whom you hastened to meet. How delighted I should have been to have seen them and you, at the same time. I have had the pleasure to see Mrs. Washington look better than before her short illness—you must not therefore be uneasy about her. Her excellent husband knows how to preserve her health, and his own too—this is what I hope from the bottom of my heart. Accept this little note my own dear friend as a harbinger of a better one

From your constant

D. P. MADISON.

To Mrs. R. B. LEE, *Prince William, Va.*

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As old letters from historical personages appear to be of interest to the readers of the Magazine, I inclose two from a number written by Mr. and Mrs. Madison to my grandfather, Richard Forrest. The one from Mrs. Madison refers to the birth of my mother, Mary Forrest, who married Fleet Surgeon John A. Kearney, U. S. N.

KATE KEARNEY HENRY.

26 SEPT'R, 1807.

I most sincerely congratulate you my dear friend on the acquisition you have announced to me this morning. May the Horoscope of your young daughter be the most happy, may the bright aspect of her destiny be cronicled in unerring lines. Adieu, kiss the Parent and child for one who sighs to see them.

I inclose you one more packet for Mr. M. I cannot doubt but the others have reached him safely thro your hands, we expect to set out on the 1st day of Oct. and it will take us 4 days to complete the journey.

Truly yours,

DOLLY MADISON.

Mr. RICHARD FORREST.

TO MRS. FORREST.

'Twere fair to thee I send  
The offering humble of a tender friend  
With many pious wishes for thy house  
From husband, children to the little mouse.

D. M.

MONTPELIER, *Sept.* 23, 1828.

DEAR SIR:

I received your favor of the 5th when I was prevented from acknowledging it by a bilious attack, which has left me but little fitted even yet, for the use of the pen. The letter you enclosed from Mr. Rich holds out an interesting opportunity for valuable acquisitions to learned Libraries, but I fear the scanty resources of our university will deprive it of a share in them. Maryland it seems is more fortunate in her corn crop than the greater part of Virga where the drought has been intense. The Tobo crop tho not as short as your estimate of that in Maryland, suffered so much in the outset from the same causes, and from the want of rain thro the whole season, that it will make a poor figure in the market. In this particular neighborhood if the frost spares us for ten days, and the weather be otherwise favorable, we shall be *comparatively* well off.

You say nothing of your health, I hope our mineral fountains, and mountain climate, did for it all that was necessary, and that you will not forget the road to a remedy should you again need it. I beg you to present me in the best terms & with my best wishes to Mrs. Forrest & the young ladies in which Mrs. Madison cordially unites, and to receive for yourself my continued esteem, and friendly respects.

JAMES MADISON.

RICHARD FORREST, Esq.

## EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

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THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE enters upon its third year with this number, July, 1894. It is to-day the only Magazine in this country which is exclusively devoted to American History. It is not a reproduction of the "Magazine of American History," but the same result will be accomplished.

It seemed almost a national loss when the publication of that Magazine ceased, and we feel sure that the public will be gratified to know that the readers of history will find a fountain to draw from in the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

This Magazine will be in the future historical, genealogical, and biographical in scope as it has been in the past, including traditions, old manuscripts and letters, and notes and queries.

A department of "What we are Doing" will keep every Chapter in touch and cognizant of all the good work that is going on.

That of "Questions and Answers" will be the medium of much useful information.

In fact, we hope to leave nothing undone that will broaden our knowledge of the history of our country.

Particularly do we trust this will appeal to all members of patriotic Societies, and that the "Sons," "Dames," and "Daughters" will unite in the support of the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Historic reading to-day is largely taking the place of fiction. When the Life of Peter the Great was printed a few years ago as a serial in Harper's Magazine it was the first history published by them since that of Napoleon, twenty years before. This change is also noted in the historical societies springing up all over the land. All this shows the trend of public thought and the change in the taste of the people in the last decade.

Let us urge to all lovers of home and country that they let not one jot or tittle that will add to the history and the glory of our country be lost, but send it to the Editor of the AMERICAN MONTHLY, that its pages shall glow with gems of as yet unpublished history, and individual research be rewarded by helping to place on record all acts of bravery and valor by our

patriotic ancestors, who were instrumental in founding and building up this the greatest Nation of the earth.

We will not falter in our undertaking to conduct this Magazine when assured we have with us the patriotic, earnest Daughters of the American Revolution.

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THIS SOCIETY can well congratulate itself upon its good fortune in securing the aid of so able a corps of Associate Editors.

Miss Jane Meade Welch needs no introduction to the readers of United States history. Her lectures upon historical matters have made her name a household word, and what she will give to the readers of the Magazine will be for the upbuilding of our Society by broadening its intelligence upon themes that favor the making of a great Republic.

Margaret Sidney (Mrs. D. Lothrop) has been well known in the literary world for many years. The rock-ribbed coast of New England has never given forth uncertain sounds in patriotism, and "Stone-Wayside," the home of Hawthorne, through the pen of this graceful occupant and writer, will keep New England's record green. She draws deeply from wells of inspiration through the very atmosphere she breathes, and the pages of the AMERICAN MONTHLY will hold her chalice to the lips of its readers.

Kate Foote, whose letters from Washington to the New York Independent have kept its readers in touch with Congress and enlightened upon all the topics of the day, political, social, or historical, will dip her pen occasionally into the fountains of forgotten history and introduce to us old friends in a new dress until even the Constitution and Declaration of Independence will be made attractive in new attire.

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WILL NOT every member of the Society help those who are trying to help them in carrying forward this Magazine by securing at least one subscriber and one advertisement?

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IF YOU wish information on any historical questions, write to the Magazine.

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IF INFORMATION is wanted relating to the Board or the Society at Large, send your queries to the Magazine.

## CHAPTERS.

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CINCINNATI CHAPTER, at their last monthly meeting, held May 7, 1894, received the following communication:

I ask the privilege of presenting to the Chapter, in commemoration of the capture of Fort Ticonderoga May 10, 1775, a gavel made from a piece of magnolia wood broken from the last tree planted by General George Washington at Mount Vernon.—MARGARET C. MOREHEAD.

Mrs. Brent Arnold, Regent of the Chapter, responded as follows:

Mrs. M. C. Morehead, again you have honored the Cincinnati Chapter by presenting it with a beautiful gift, another evidence of your generosity and patriotism. This exquisite gavel, made from a branch of the magnolia tree planted by Washington at his beloved Mount Vernon, will ever be prized by us as a token of your interest and for the sentiment which attaches to it. In accepting it the eloquent tribute paid to the character of Washington as a magistrate by President Andrew Jackson, at the dedication of the first monument to Mary Washington, seems most appropriate to quote:

"He possessed unerring judgment (if that term can be applied to human nature), great probity of purpose, high moral principles, perfect self-possession, untiring application, an inquiring mind, seeking information from every quarter, and arriving at its conclusions with a full knowledge of the subject, and he added to these an inflexibility of resolution which nothing could change but a conviction of error."

May the Daughters who wield this gavel when presiding over the meetings of this Chapter strive to emulate these noble qualities, and hold as a bright exemplar the character of Washington, the greatest of America's patriots.

On motion, the above note of presentation, together with Mrs. Arnold's address of acceptance, was ordered forwarded to THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE with a description of the gavel appended.

During a severe storm a portion of the last tree (a magnolia) planted by George Washington at Mount Vernon was blown down. Mrs. H. B. Morehead, Corresponding Secretary of the Cincinnati Chapter, at once wrote to know if she could secure



enough of the wood for a gavel, and our beautiful gavel is the result of her forethought and generosity. It is highly polished, beautifully finished, mounted with solid silver, and inscribed as follows: "Presented to the Cincinnati Chapter, D. A. R., by Margaret C. Morehead, May 10th, 1894."—HARRIET FISHER GREVE, *Historian*.

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.—A preliminary meeting of those interested in forming a Chapter of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution was held June 16 at the home of the Chapter Regent, Mrs. James Hicks, Piqua, Ohio.

The ladies had been invited to meet Mrs. Brent Arnold, the Regent of the Cincinnati Chapter.

Mrs. Arnold gave a most interesting talk on the object of the Society and the work that has already been accomplished.

She also told us of the work of the Cincinnati Chapter. The meeting was a most enthusiastic one. Thirty ladies were present, and, with the house beautifully decorated with flags, the patriotic music with which we were welcomed, and the delightful talk of Mrs. Arnold, all felt great enthusiasm and pride to be enrolled as members of such an organization.

A large Chapter will be the result of this meeting.

After the talk refreshments were served, and the morning was an altogether profitable and enjoyable occasion.

The ladies present were Mesdames Morse, Grafflin, Pursell, Whitlock, Barber, Machir, McKinney, Frame, Geyer, Statler, Stuart, and Patterson; Mrs. Thomas, of Cincinnati; Mrs. Morris, of Cleveland; Mrs. Jordan, of Chicago; Mrs. Kiplinger; the Misses Barber, Grafflin, Battelle, Hall, Wood, Snyder, Munger, and Miss Martha Norton, of Montgomery, Alabama.—SECRETARY *pro tem*.

ANNA WARNER BAILEY CHAPTER, of Groton and Stonington.—The regular meeting of April 5 was postponed until April 12, on account of the sudden death of one of its charter members, when a large company gathered in the beautiful rooms of the Bill Memorial Library, under the shadow of the Groton monument. The Regent, Mrs. Cuthbert H. Slocomb, presided,

and alluded feelingly to the sad loss which had come to this Chapter since its last meeting by the death on April 2 of Mrs. Lucy Denison Bill. A committee was appointed to draw up resolutions expressive of our great sorrow and esteem for the one who has gone from us, but whose unselfish thought for others and whose quiet deeds of kindness will long remain a pleasant memory to all who were privileged to be her friends. The Regent gave a very delightful report of the recent National Congress at Washington, bringing before us, briefly but clearly, the most important and interesting events of its meetings. Mrs. C. B. Whitman, with a few bright words, presented to Mrs. Slocomb a gavel made from a piece of one of the oak rafters in Mother Bailey's house, not only to be used by the Regent in her capacity of presiding officer, but to be retained by her as a souvenir of the loving regard and appreciation of this Chapter. Although a complete surprise, Mrs. Slocomb responded with ready and graceful words of thanks. Fourteen new names were added to the constantly increasing list of members, and the meeting adjourned to assemble a week later in the pleasant home of one of our Stonington members, Mrs. Franklin B. Noyes. At this meeting reports were read from the different officers and an interesting sketch of the life of Anna Warren Bailey, written by the Registrar, Mrs. E. L. Baker. Several committees were appointed and the names of seven new applicants proposed. Since its formation, last September, this Chapter has grown at a phenomenal pace, and nothing dampens the ardor and enthusiasm of its members. Not even the dense fog that swept in from the sea, separating this old town from the rest of the world by its impenetrable gray walls, could in the least detract from this very interesting and enjoyable meeting.—JULIA OWEN AVERY, *Secretary*.

RUTH HART CHAPTER, *Meriden, Connecticut*.—One of the very pleasant and interesting gatherings of this Chapter was the reception given by Mrs. B. C. Kennard, the treasurer, at her pleasant home on Broad street. It was in honor of Mrs. Betsy Parker Jerralds, honorary member of the Chapter, on her eighty-seventh birthday anniversary, which occurred on May 1.

Mrs. Kennard was assisted in receiving by the Regent, Mrs. L. E. Coe, and the Vice-Regent, Mrs. G. C. Merriam. After the introductions a very enjoyable musical programme was rendered, including a duet, "Our Western Land," and closing with the national song, "America," after which a dainty repast was served.

Nearly every member of the Chapter responded to the invitation and Mrs. Jerralds was the recipient of many happy wishes during the afternoon, while the ladies received many pleasant words from their honored and aged member.

Mrs. Jerralds is the daughter of Stephen Parker, who enlisted in the army when but sixteen years of age. Many incidents connected with his life are vividly remembered by his daughter. He was present at the execution of Major André, and, as Mrs. Jerralds says :

His face would glow with pride when he told us of the three young men who captured him, and, though they were poor, would not release him for any bribe and sell their country and their honor for gold.

Continuing, Mrs. Jerralds said :

The name of George Washington was always sacred on his lips, and he never tired of telling us of his brave and good deeds. He often repeated the old poem entitled "A New Song," the first verse of which runs—

Old England forty years ago,  
When we were young and slender,  
She aimed at us a mighty blow,  
But God was our defender.

At one time, when my father's regiment had been two days without food, it was learned that a boat-load of turnips had arrived by the Hudson River. He was selected as the most trustworthy to go and purchase a part of this tempting food. Arriving at the banks of the Hudson, his purchase was soon made, but so hungrily did he look upon his precious store that the owner of the load presented him with two small ones, and often have I heard him say that never in his life had anything tasted so sweet to him as those two raw turnips.

My mother, who was Rebecca Ray, was living with her mother in New Haven when the British entered there. Their house was plundered of everything valuable, and the gold beads were stripped from her mother's neck and the silver buckles from her shoes, while a British officer stood with a drawn sword threatening her life if she made any resistance.

Mrs. Jerralds was born in Cheshire, in 1807, where her younger days were spent. Before her marriage to Thomas Jer-

ralds, a minister of the New England Conference, she was teacher in one of the schools of Meriden. She has one brother living, the Hon. Charles Parker, Meriden's first mayor, who is now eighty-five years of age and a member of the local branch Sons of the American Revolution.

At the reception given in her honor she was presented by the Chapter with a gold official emblem of the Society.—JESSIE MAY SCHENCK, *Historian*.

THE AUGUSTA, GEORGIA, CHAPTER held, at the residence of Mrs. George G. MacWharter, Regent, April 19, a meeting commemorative of the Battle of Lexington. The Chapter bell, a miniature of the great Liberty bell, was received at this meeting, and was rung by thirteen strokes for the first time to celebrate the first battle of the great Revolution that brought into being this Republic. The interest of the meeting was accentuated by the reading of an original paper on the battle of Lexington, different historical accounts of the battle, and last, but not least, Longfellow's poem, "Paul Revere's Ride."—SARAH D. A. MACWHARTER, *Regent*.

BRISTOL CHAPTER.—April 9 the members of the Bristol Chapter answered to the roll-call at half past three p. m., Miss A. B. Manchester presiding.

Letters in reply to a request for further information were read from a committee of the Sons of the American Revolution in Providence, Rhode Island, and in response a list of Revolutionary soldiers buried in this town was ordered prepared.

What should be the character and object of the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE was then discussed at some length. It was resolved that, as the Magazine has been conducted satisfactorily this past year, in the opinion of the Bristol Chapter, they would like to see it continued in the same manner.

Miss Alice Louise Gardner read a paper upon "Revolutionary Women." She spoke of the women in the care and protection of their homes and in the peculiar trials of that day from slender resources and from attacks by the Indians. While denied the prominence given to their husbands and sons in the field, yet by wit and strategem, by self-denial and prudence combined, they

helped on wonderfully the patriot cause. Clever spies and good fighters, they made their impression upon the troublous times.

Miss Gardner gave many incidents of heroic deeds by the women of the Revolution, and prefaced her paper by the reading of a poem from an old newspaper, upon "The Invasion of Warren by the British in 1778."

GASPEE CHAPTER.—Patriots' Day was celebrated by the Gaspee Chapter by holding its regular meeting this morning at eleven o'clock, at the Rhode Island Historical rooms. In the absence of the Regent, Mrs. Robert H. I. Goddard, Mrs. O. H. Washburn, Jr., presided. The roll was called and minutes of the last meeting read by the secretary, Miss Anne W. Stockbridge. A resolution was introduced to appropriate a certain sum of money to decorate the graves of Lafayette and Rochambeau, in Paris, in accordance with a request from Mrs. A. Livingston Mason.

A clause was introduced, to be inserted in the Constitution, creating the office of Historian, and Mrs. Richard Jackson Barker was elected to the office and also placed upon the Executive Committee. Mrs. Barker acknowledged the honor conferred upon her, and assured the Chapter that she appreciated it all the more because it was a complete surprise to her.

Miss Wheeler extended an invitation to the Chapter to visit her at her home in June. The invitation was accepted, upon motion of Miss Doyle, with cordial thanks. The reports of Miss Stockbridge and Mrs. D. Russell Brown, as delegates to the Third Continental Congress, was presented, and were very interesting to the members.

Miss Amelia S. Knight, State Regent, was present and gave the Chapter many valuable remarks upon the various subjects discussed.

An exceedingly appropriate and interesting paper for Patriots' Day was read by Mrs. James F. Robbins, a cousin of Miss Wheeler. Sketches were read by Mrs. W. W. White, Mrs. Martin, and Miss Stockbridge.

OWING to want of space, several notices of Chapter work have been unavoidably crowded out of this number. They will appear next month.

## IN MEMORIAM.

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### ELIZABETH W. COURTNEY.

AT the anniversary meeting of the Pittsburg Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, held at the residence of Mrs. James B. Oliver, Shields Station, Monday afternoon, June 11, the Registrar reported the death of Mrs. Elizabeth W. Courtney, a member of the Chapter and a descendant of Ensign Ward (also of Major Ward), who was in charge of the party engaged in building the first fort at the Forks of the Ohio—to hold that position for the British, when surprised by the French under Contrecoeur, April 17, 1754, and obliged to surrender.

On motion, it was

*Resolved*, That the Pittsburg Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution express their profound sorrow for the death of Mrs. Elizabeth W. Courtney, a member of the Chapter, and tender to the bereaved family their sincere and heartfelt sympathy.

*Resolved*, That this resolution be entered upon the minute book of the Chapter and a copy of it sent to the family of Mrs. Courtney.

### CHARLOTTE THRALL CHAFFEE.

THE members of Ann Story Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, have been called to mourn the loss of their beloved associate, Mrs. Frederic Chaffee. The Chapter feels it to be right and fitting to commemorate in a few words in our official magazine a character which nature and grace and the discipline of life had so beautifully developed into a

Perfect woman, nobly planned  
To warn, to comfort, to command.

Mrs. Charlotte Thrall Chaffee was the descendant of two Revolutionary soldiers, Captain Nathan Gove and Captain Samuel Thrall. Her father, Reuben R. Thrall, died a few years ago at the age of ninety-two, being at the time of his death the oldest lawyer in active practice in the United States. His eldest

daughter, Charlotte, was born in 1832, in Rutland, and married to Frederic Chaffee in 1850. She survived her husband by some years and died April 9, 1894.

Her life was an uneventful one, spent in her native town, made up of the ordinary joys and sorrows of a daughter, wife, and mother, and yet so spent as to be a constant benefaction and joy to all who came within the circle of her influence.

Nor did she ever learn to know  
That aught were easier than to bless.

Seldom are strength of character, soundness of judgment, and firmness of purpose united with so much charity, tolerance, and humility.

On her lips was the law of kindness,  
And in her heart the law of love.

Through her whole life a devout and faithful member of the Episcopal Church, her sympathies knew no bounds of church or creed, and the whole community mourn her loss.

#### EMILY HOPKINSON SMITH,

Honorary Member of Martha Washington Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, District of Columbia, was born May 21, 1804, and died January 7, 1894, at the advanced age of eighty-nine years seven months and seventeen days.

Her parents lived in Northampton County, Virginia, which was also her home until after the war, when she removed to Baltimore. Having lost her property by the war, she was received into the Louise Home, being one of its first inmates, and there remained until her death.

Her father, Isaac Smith, was son of that Isaac Smith who was a Delegate to the Convention held in Williamsburg, Virginia, August, 1774, which pledged itself not to trade with Great Britain; above all, not to use that detestable article, Tea, which had given the sister Colony of Massachusetts so much trouble. Through her father she was a lineal descendant of Sir George Yeardley, Governor of Virginia; of Lieutenant-Colonel John West, one of the family of the Lords De la Warr, and of Major-General John Custis, of "Arlington," and Colonel John Custis, of "Wilsonia;" also a descendant of Colonel Ed-



mund Scarborough, Surveyor-General of Virginia in 1663, and a relative of Judge Abel P. Upshur, Secretary of War, who was killed on the Princeton, as well as other distinguished families.

Her mother, Maria Hopkinson, was a daughter of Francis Hopkinson, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, who greatly aided the Revolution by his pen, having been noted as a satirist and poet. Among his writings was "The Battle of the Kegs." His brother, Joseph Hopkinson, was the author of "Hail Columbia." Their father was Judge Thomas Hopkinson, who came over from England, and died in Philadelphia in 1751. He was judge of the Admiralty Court and a member of the Provincial Council. Francis Hopkinson married Ann Borden, of Bordentown, New Jersey.

Miss Emily Smith was a remarkable woman, of great intelligence and force of character, who kept abreast of the times and in touch with all intellectual development. She was a consistent and earnest Christian and churchwoman and a firm believer in the teachings of the Bible. Her mind was clear and her faculties unimpaired up to the last moment.

As she related to her nieces, when she was a young girl she visited her grandmother at Bordentown and met Joseph Bonaparte quite frequently, was well acquainted with all the household of the exiled monarch, and danced with Prince Murat. She rode in the first railway car in the country, the one that ran between Baltimore and Ellicott City, and sent a message over the first telegraph wire.

Her reminiscences would have made an interesting book, and it is much to be regretted that she never wrote them for publication. It is undoubtedly well with her, but her death is a great loss to the Chapter and the Society.

#### ELIZABETH S. VREDENBURGH.

DIED February 11, 1894, Elizabeth Hale Gilman, wife of John S. Vredenburg, daughter of Benjamin Ives Gilman and Mary Elizabeth Miles, granddaughter of Benjamin Ives Gilman and Hannah Robbins, great-granddaughter of Joseph Gilman and Rebecca Ives, charter member of the Pequot Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Southport, Connecticut.

She inherited the patriotic blood of the families of Prince, Hinckley, Hale, Ives, Bethune, Robbins, and Gilman, all of which were prominent among the Puritan pioneers of America. Descended through a line of educated ancestors, she herself was highly educated. A devoted Christian, she was especially remarkable for her sympathy; a longing desire for the happiness of others, which produced in her a rare spirit of self-abnegation. These qualities beautifully developed all through her happy married life in Springfield and Chicago, Illinois. She loved "to waste her life for others." She went about doing good. Can we venture to say that we "mourn her loss," when we believe that the training and development of the life here have fitted her for fuller and more effective work in that

Dear and blessed country,  
The home of God's elect?

#### MARY AUGUSTA SHERWOOD.

Mrs. Mary Augusta Hyde, widow of Edwin Sherwood, senior charter member of the Pequot Chapter of Southport, Connecticut, entered into rest January 5, 1894, in the eightieth year of her pilgrimage. Mrs. Sherwood's interest in the objects and aims of the Daughters of the American Revolution was spontaneous and enthusiastic, as well became the daughter and granddaughter of Joseph Hyde and Dr. Ebenezer Jesup.

For many years confined to her bed and suffering greatly from an exhausting disease, her mind and heart were nourished and enlarged by the exercise of a quick and all-embracing sympathy.

She always knew what movements were made in the social and especially in the religious progress of the world, and there are some to whom the thought of that sunny chamber brings a picture of its pale, cheerful occupant putting her thin, white hand under the pillow for her purse even before the request for aid was shaped. It is characteristic of her and of the care which surrounded her that the bills, so cordially and generously given, were always crisp and new. One who knew her well and went home before her, said, in answer to a comment upon her wonderful, brave endurance and cheerfulness, "There

were generations of faith and prayer behind her." To her, as to them, the love of country and home and desire for their welfare was part of the religion which was her life.

One of her latest gifts was to the Pequot Chapter for its stationery outfit. When one whose years have long passed the Psalmist's limit is released, those who are left behind, putting away the sense of personal loss and grief of parting, must rejoice that she has the blessedness of those who rest from their labors, whose works do follow them.





## OFFICIAL.

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MAY 9, 1894.

Pursuant to call, the National Board of Management met at 1416 F street at four p. m.

Present: Mrs. Heth, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Bullock, Mrs. Tullock, Mrs. Gannett, Dr. McGee, Miss Desha, Miss Wilbur, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Geer, Mrs. Burnett, Mrs. Brackett, Mrs. Mann, Miss Washington, Miss Dorsey, Mrs. Keim, Miss Miller, Mrs. Dickens, Mrs. Crabbe, State Regent of Washington State. Mrs. Johnson, member of the Advisory Board, was also present.

In the absence of the President-General, Mrs. Heth was called to the Chair.

Prayer was offered by the Chaplain-General.

The Recording Secretary read the minutes of May 3, 4, and 5, which were accepted.

The nomination of Mrs. Edward Goodfellow as Recording Secretary-General was confirmed, and she was presented to the Board and welcomed by the same.

The Registrars presented the names of thirty-four applicants as eligible to membership in the National Society, which were accepted.

Mrs. Mann reported that she had issued ten permits for badges.

The Regent for the District presented an application for the formation of a new Chapter to be formed in the District, to be called "The Army and Navy Chapter," Mrs. Hager as Regent.

Miss Desha stated that there are certain records of the War Department which, if not bound, will undoubtedly be destroyed, the same being of great value to the Societies of the Sons of the American Revolution and the Daughters of the American Revolution; she therefore moved that the Daughters of the Ameri-

can Revolution join with the Sons of the Revolution and have these records preserved. Motion carried.

Mrs. Dickins moved that the Corresponding Secretary-General inform the Sons of the action of the Board. Motion carried.

Upon motion of Miss Miller, \$50 was appropriated to be expended in the purchase of books for the Library.

The Vice-President in Charge of Organization presented the names of Mrs. Mary E. Bartlett Barnes, of Guthrie, Oklahoma, as Regent of that Territory, and Mrs. Mary D. Wasson, of Great Falls, as State Regent of Montana. She also offered the following report :

"Since February 24, when I was elected to this office, fourteen State Regents have been appointed ; nine of these States had no Regents ; in three of them—Arkansas, Missouri, and Iowa—the Regents were appointed to fill vacancies ; in two of them—North Carolina and Oregon—the Regents were not elected at the Congress and have been confirmed by the Board since that time. Thirty-seven Chapter Regents have been confirmed. I have written two hundred letters and fifty postal cards." The report was accepted.

A letter from Miss McAllister, of New York, relative to forming a new Chapter in New York, was presented to the Board. Mrs. Dickins made the following motion :

"That the National Board direct the Vice-President in Charge of Organization to inform the State Regent of New York that the National Board does not consider it has the right to deny the application of twelve members to form a Chapter, and, when such Chapter is formed and makes application, the Board will confirm the elected Regent." Motion carried.

The Treasurer-General presented her report, which was accepted.

She submitted a letter from the Treasurer of the Continental Chapter, requesting the return of one-half of the life membership fee of Miss Louise Solger Codwise.

Mrs. Dickins moved "That the Treasurer-General be instructed to inform the Treasurer of the Chapter that when members join Chapters when they are already members of the National Society the half dues cannot be returned, especially in the case of life membership, as all life membership fees are invested in the Permanent Fund." Motion carried.

The Recording Secretary read a letter from Mrs. Wysong in regard to charter members, which the Corresponding Secretary was instructed to answer.

A letter was read from Mrs. Georgia H. S. Hatchen, of Lafayette, Indiana, relative to admitting the two granddaughters of Lafayette as honorary members of her Chapters. The Corresponding Secretary-General was authorized to respond.

Miss Desha presented a resolution which she desired to have referred to the Finance Committee, to be acted upon at the next meeting.

Dr. McGee moved that Mrs. Henry, Regent of the District, ascertain how many members constitute the Chapter of Continentals recently formed in this city, in order to know the amount of annual fees due from them to the Society. Motion carried.

Mrs. C. C. Snyder declined the nomination as Vice-President General.

A number of volumes of "A Century of Presidents" was presented to the National Society by Mrs. Mary L. Peter, of Buffalo, New York.

Mrs. Brackett moved that the election of the Executive Committee take place. The result of the ballot was as follows: Mrs. Brackett, Mrs. Mann, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Heth, and Miss Washington were elected.

Mrs. Gannett was nominated as Vice-President General.

Mrs. Keim nominated Miss Susan S. Clark, of Connecticut, as a member of the Advisory Board. Mrs. P. C. Cheney was nominated as Chairman of the Advisory Board.

The Board then adjourned till Friday, May 11, 1894.

MAY 11, 1894.

The adjourned meeting of the National Board of Management met at 1416 F street at four p. m.

Present: Mrs. Goodfellow, Mrs. Geer, Mrs. Tullock, Mrs. Brackett, Mrs. Clark, Miss Desha, Miss Wilbur, Mrs. Burnett, Miss Miller, Dr. McGee, Miss Washington, Miss Mallet, and Miss Dorsey. Miss Susan Clarke, of Connecticut, member of the Advisory Board, was also present.

In the absence of the President-General, Mrs. Clark was called to the Chair.

The Registrars presented the names of eleven applicants as eligible to membership.

Mrs. Geer, Vice-President in Charge of Organization, presented the names of Mrs. Henry C. Myers, as newly elected Regent for the Dolly Madison Chapter, No. 2, of Memphis, Tennessee, Mrs. Buchana, the present Regent, having resigned, and Mrs. George C. Ball appointed Chapter Regent for Birmingham, Alabama. The report was accepted.

The Corresponding Secretary-General presented her report, which was accepted.

The Finance Committee reported that "The Finance Committee declines to recommend to the National Board any change in the payment of dues, believing that such a recommendation would be contrary to the Constitution." (Signed) Miranda Tullock, Chairman; Alice M. Clark, Secretary. The report was accepted.

A communication was received from Mrs. Walworth in regard to the cover of the May and June numbers of the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Dr. McGee moved that the Corresponding Secretary-General be authorized to instruct the printer to have the June number issued as soon as possible, and, as Mrs. Walworth has not resigned as Editor, her name shall remain on the cover. Motion carried.

The report of the Magazine Committee was presented and the general form of the same was accepted. It was then discussed in sections, and, after correction, the Chairman was authorized to have the same printed, and that, with a constitution and a circular issued by the Printing Committee, be sent under the same cover to each member of the Society, the envelopes for the same to be addressed at the price of \$1.50 per thousand.

It was moved and carried that all checks for subscriptions for the Magazine shall be made payable to the Business Manager of the Magazine, at 1416 F street, merely, the name of the Manager not being necessary.

It was moved and carried that any Daughter of the American Revolution authorized to act as agent for the Magazine may retain twenty cents as commission on each new subscription.

Miss Dorsey moved that all Daughters be offered 10 per cent on all new advertisements.

Mrs. Brackett, on behalf of the Dolly Madison Chapter, extended to the National Board an invitation to celebrate the birthday of Dolly Madison on the 22d of May, 1894, at Chevy Chase. The invitation was appreciated and accepted.

Miss Desha offered the following amendment to the By-Laws, of which notice had been given at a previous meeting:

"ARTICLE XVIII. Any member conducting herself, either at the Chapter meetings or elsewhere, in a way calculated to disturb the harmony of the Society or to impair its good name or prosperity or to injure the reputation of any member thereof may, after thorough investigation, be reprimanded, suspended, or expelled, as the National Board may decide." Amendment accepted.

The Board then adjourned.

JULIA S. GOODFELLOW,  
*Recording Secretary-General.*

THURSDAY, June 7, 1894.

Pursuant to call, the National Board of Management met at 1416 F street at four p. m.

Present: Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Lockwood, Mrs. Ritchie, Mrs. Bullock, Mrs. Gannett, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Goodfellow, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Burnett, Miss Desha, Miss Washington, acting State Regent of New Jersey; Miss Mallett, Mrs. Tullock, Mrs. Brackett, Mrs. Crabbe, State Regent for Washington; Dr. McGee, Mrs. Heth, Mrs. Blackburn, Miss Wilbur, Miss Dorsey. Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Foot, members of the Advisory Board, and Mrs. Lenman were also present.

Prayer was offered by the Chaplain-General.

The Recording Secretary read the minutes of May 9 and 11, which were accepted as corrected.

The Corresponding Secretary-General presented, for the Vice-President General in Charge of Organization of Chapters, the names of the following ladies appointed as Regents of Chapters and States: Mrs. Francis P. Burrows as State Regent for Michigan; Mrs. M. M. Parmer as State Regent of Nebraska. Mrs. Mathes, State Regent of Tennessee, presents the name of Ellen D. Carter as Chapter Regent of Elizabethton, Tennessee; Mrs. Thomas S. Morgan, State Regent of Georgia, presents the



name of Mrs. W. O. Tuggle as Chapter Regent at La Grange, Georgia; Mrs. R. C. Neely as Chapter Regent of Waynesboro, Georgia. Mrs. Wm. M. Stryker, acting State Regent of New Jersey, presents the name of Mrs. Mary Scudder Jameison as Chapter Regent at Lawrenceville, New Jersey. Miss Alice Key Blunt, State Regent of Maryland, resigned her position. Her resignation was accepted with regret.

Before her resignation, the Regent of Maryland inquired by letter if the Regents of States are members of local Board of Chapters. The Corresponding Secretary-General was instructed to inform her and others making the same inquiry that State Regents have no more authority in Chapters than any other member.

Chapters have been organized at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; Sing Sing, New York; at Bridgeport, Pennsylvania, named "Valley Forge," and at Newport, Kentucky. The report was accepted.

The Registrars-General presented the names of 554 applicants as eligible to membership in the National Society, which were accepted.

*Statement of the Treasurer-General.*

Balance for May 4, 1894.....	\$3,217 39	
Received fees and dues.....	1,408 00	
Magazine.....	58 65	
Life membership.....	50 00	
Charters.....	20 00	
Rosettes.....	66 00	
Harrison portrait.....	50	
Paid Capital Publishing Company.....	\$1,076 52	
Postage and office expenses.....	382 35	
Roberts, printing certificates, circulars, and stationery.....	511 50	
Rent of office, two months.....	86 50	
Dues returned.....	18 00	
Portrait of Mrs. Harrison.....	50	
Permanent fund.....	185 65	
Disbursements.....	\$2,261 02	
Balance June 7, 1894.....	2,716 27	
	<u>\$4,977 29</u>	<u>\$4,977 29</u>

1894.		
May 4.	By amount to credit to permanent fund .....	\$1,644 07
May 24.	To purchase (with concurrence of Finance Committee) 6 per cent. note of J. O. Johnson, June 8, 1893, secured by deed of trust on south grounds of Columbian University, guarantee by A. S. & T. Co..	\$1,500 00
	To accrued interest from December 8, 1893, to May 24, 1894.....	41 75
	To cost of guarantee, A. S. & T. Co.....	15 00
		<hr/>
		\$1,556 75
June 4.	To balance cash on hand to June 4, 1894..	87 32
		<hr/>
		\$1,644 07
		<hr/>
		\$1,644 07

MIRANDA TULLOCK.

The Corresponding Secretary presented the following report for the month ending May 1, 1894:

Application blanks issued.....	2,692
Constitutions.....	3,958
Letters written.....	106
Postals written.....	21
Rosettes sold, 115, at 30 cents each.....	\$34 50

Mrs. Goodfellow offered the following resolution, which was accepted: "That Chapters be advised to have a Committee of Safety to decide on admitting to Chapter membership those who are already members of the National Society."

Letters were read from Mrs. Lockwood, accepting the position of Editor of the Magazine; from Mrs. Foster, of Indiana, and Mrs. Kerfoot, of Illinois, accepting positions on Committee on National Hymn, and from Mrs. Stanford, declining to serve on Committee on Colonial Home.

The Corresponding Secretary presented to the National Society, on behalf of the Marquis de Lafayette Chapter, three medals, which were accepted with thanks.

Invitations were extended to the Society to be present at the celebration of the Battle of "Fallen Timbers" at Toledo, Ohio; also a celebration to be held June 14 at Dobbs Ferry, New York. Both invitations were accepted with thanks.

Letters received from Mrs. Bacon, of South Carolina; Miss Hetty I. Stiles, and Miss L. S. Codwise (on behalf of the Con-

timental Chapter) relative to Mrs. Morgan being made a charter member.

It was moved and carried that the Corresponding Secretary answer inquiries in regard to this matter by explaining that Mrs. Morgan's name had been omitted in making up the roll of charter members, although she was then a member of the Society.

Letter was read from Mrs. Green, of Massachusetts, objecting to Board of Management petitioning Congress to appropriate money for monuments. The Regent of Massachusetts was informed that the Board had not petitioned Congress for money, but had joined other patriotic associations in requesting Congress to favorably consider a bill already presented to that body by Senator Gorman, on behalf of the people of Maryland, to commemorate the Maryland Line.

The President-General presented the additional names:

On the Colonial Hall Committee: Mrs. William Wirt Henry, Virginia, in place of Mrs. Leland Stanford, resigned.

Committee on National Hymn: Mrs. Burdett, Vermont; Mrs. Maddox, California; Mrs. Churchman, Delaware.

Committee on University, United States: Mrs. Shippen, New Jersey; Mrs. Bacon, South Carolina.

The Board then adjourned till June 8, 1894.

FRIDAY, *June 8, 1894.*

The adjourned meeting of the National Board of Management met at 1416 F street at four p. m.

Present: Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Ritchie, Miss Mallett, Mrs. Burnett, Miss Wilbur, Mrs. Brackett, Miss Desha, Mrs. Lockwood, Mrs. Blackburn, Miss Washington, Mrs. Tullock, Miss Dorsey, Mrs. Henry, Miss Miller, Mrs. Goodfellow. Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Foot, members of the Advisory Board, were also present.

Prayer was offered by the President-General.

The Recording Secretary read a letter from Mrs. Walworth, inclosing receipts for two thousand dollars paid to Mr. Huntington for Mrs. Harrison's portrait, leaving five hundred dollars to be paid, two hundred of which had been paid.

Mrs. Clark offered the following resolution :

*Resolved*, That the National Board of Management recommend that all members of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, observe the fourteenth day of June of each year as "Flag Day," displaying the national emblem upon their homes.

Resolution adopted and Corresponding Secretary instructed to publish this in daily papers.

A book, entitled "Poems of the Revolution," was presented by Miss Julia Clinton Jones to the National Society. Accepted with thanks.

The Corresponding Secretary read a letter from Mrs. Pryor, of New York, in regard to forming a Chapter in that city. The Board instructed the Corresponding Secretary to refer Mrs. Pryor to the minutes of May 9th, which contain a resolution on this subject, offered by Mrs. Dickins.

The nomination of Mrs. Gannett as Vice-President General, made at a previous meeting, was confirmed.

The matter of the Business Manager of the Magazine was discussed. The appointment was left with Mrs. Lockwood.

Miss Desha was nominated to assume the entire business management of the office. Motion laid on the table.

Mrs. Lockwood stated that it was necessary to have a proof-reader for the Magazine, and she could secure the services of the same for \$5 per month. The Treasurer was authorized to settle this bill monthly and all office expenses monthly without the signatures of other officers.

The following resolution was offered by Mrs. Henry and accepted: That the Editor of the Magazine be allowed \$50 each month for the payment of business management and such other clerical assistance as she finds necessary.

It was moved and carried that all business be left in the hands of the Executive Committee during the summer, having only called meetings of said Committee.

Mrs. Ritchie, of Maryland, offered the following resolution:

Whereas the grave of General Smallwood is unmarked and will, unless it receives prompt attention, soon become undistinguishable, and as the Constitution declares the objects of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution to be "to perpetuate the memory and spirit of the men and women who achieved American Independence, by the acquisition

and protection of historic spots and the erection of monuments" (Art. II, clause I, Constitution of the Daughters of the American Revolution), therefore—

*Resolved*, That the President-General be requested to appoint a Committee to visit the grave of General Smallwood and determine what measures shall be taken to mark it in a manner befitting his historic services to the cause of American Independence.

Resolution accepted.

The President-General appointed the following Committee: Mrs. Ritchie, Mrs. Henry, Miss Dorsey, and Miss Desha.

Mrs. Clarke presented to the Society, on behalf of Mr. R. E. C. Stearn, a portrait of his grandmother, Mrs. Sarah Rand Carter. The portrait was accepted with thanks and referred to the Revolutionary Relics Committee.

The President-General requested Miss Washington to act as Chairman of that Committee during the absence of Mrs. Blount.

It was moved and carried that the Executive Committee be empowered to approve the minutes of the present meeting.

The President-General complimented the Board upon the splendid work done by its officers since the Congress.

The Board then adjourned. JULIA S. GOODFELLOW,  
*Recording Secretary-General.*

The Board held a special called meeting.

The minutes of the meeting will be published after approval at the next meeting of the Board.

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#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

The following list of books has been donated to the Library of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution:

- Story of Mary Washington, by Marion Harland.
- Song of America and Columbus, by Kinahan Cornwallis.
- Conquest of Mexico and Peru, by Cornwallis.
- Story of an Old Farm, by Andrew D. Mellick, Jr.
- History of French Painting, by Mrs. C. H. Stranahan.
- German Allied Troops in American War for Independence, by J. G. Rosengarten.
- Christopher Gist's Journals, by William M. Darlington.
- Rachel Du Mont, by Mary Westbrook.
- Our Roll of Honor; or, Poems of the Revolution, by Julia Clinton Jones.

## MRS. HARRISON'S PORTRAIT FUND.

RECEIVED FEBRUARY, 1894.

Mrs. Rosa Wright Smith..... \$5 00

MAY, 1894.

A Friend of the Fund..... 25 00

Manchester Chapter, New Hampshire..... 25 00

Oneida Chapter, Utica, New York..... 20 00

Mrs. Elmes, New York..... 1 00

Mrs. D. M. Cooley, Dubuque, Iowa..... 5 00

Moline Chapter, Illinois..... 5 00

Mrs. A. J. Palmer, Portland, Maine..... 1 00

Mrs. Wilcox, Springfield, Massachusetts..... 50

JUNE, 1894.

Mrs. Baxter, Cheyenne, Wyoming..... 2 00

Mrs. H. L. Green, Boston, Massachusetts..... 3 00

Mrs. Samuel Eliot, Boston, Massachusetts..... 1 00

Mrs. J. H. Morrison, Boston, Massachusetts..... 1 00

Fairfield Chapter, Connecticut..... 4 00

Boudinot Chapter, Elizabeth, New Jersey..... 15 00

ELLEN HARDIN WALWORTH,

*Treasurer.*

## LINEAGE BOOKS.

The Lineage Books will be in no sense a biography. They merely are to keep a record of the genealogy of each member. The Historians were instructed to follow the exact line given in the application papers. This rule has been adhered to. It will be impossible to return each member's papers for additions or corrections, as that would hold the work back a long time and cause much trouble by the fact that the Lineage Books and application papers through which they were admitted to membership would not agree.

## ERRATA.

ON page 258 (March number) the name of Miss Sarah C. Bernard is omitted as treasurer of Wiltwyck Chapter, Kingston, New York; also, on page 594 (May number), the vote on "lineal," in Wiltwyck Chapter, should read "31 to 7" instead of "31 to 30."

